PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.
OCT 18 1944

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XXVIII. No. 710. [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1944 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . Page 213
DEMOBILISATION 215
JAPAN'S FIGHTING STRENGTH. By Peter de Mendelssohn 215
A LONDON DIARY. By G. W. Stonier . . 215
THIS ENGLAND 217
CONTEMPORARY ITALY: II. THE SOUTH. By Carlo Marini 217
ADVERTISEMENTS. By Y. Y. 218
FANNY'S FIRST PLAY. By Desmond MacCarthy 220
PICTURES IN LONDON. By Roger Marvell . 220
THE MOVIES. By William Whitebait. . . 220
NO OTHER POLES. By Sagittarius . . . 220
CORRESPONDENCE 220
From Lady Dorothy Mayer; John Gerrard; Hugo Manning; J. J. Murphy; Hubert J. Foss; G. T. Brown; and others.
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By V. S. Pritchett . Page 223
REVIEWS:
Two Novels. By Raymond Mortimer. . 224
A Great Shakespearean. By H. S. Bennett . 225
A German Sociologist. By Norman MacKenzie 226
Henry Moore. By Keith Vaughan. . . 226
Shorter Notice 226
WEEK-END COMPETITION 227

LINE-UP FOR PEACE

THE long-deferred White Paper on the Beveridge Social Security proposals has appeared at last; and it is already clear what line will be taken about the matter by the Government's Conservative supporters. "Better than Beveridge," is to be the slogan; and every attempt has been made both to follow the general structure of the Beveridge Report and to play for popularity by improving on it here and there, while whittling it down elsewhere, so as to avoid increasing the total cost. The main economies have been made at the expense of the children, who have no votes. The main improvements are in the immediate position of old people, who have votes; these are made at the expense of reducing the pensions payable a generation ahead—presumably on a calculation that few votes will be gained or lost by generosity or niggardliness deferred.

In general the White Paper goes further than most people expected it to go towards accepting Beveridge—particularly in ousting the approved societies neck and crop and in setting up a new Ministry of Social Insurance. What this means is that the Tories, who have a veto on coalition legislation, have decided to bid high in terms of social service benefits against the threat to the existing class system which would be involved in their defeat at the next General Election. In this, Toryism is true to its twentieth-century traditions. It has learnt that the best way of countering Socialist propaganda is to make large concessions of social service benefits, and at the same time to provide for raising as much as possible of the money by that highly regressive form of tax—the social insurance contribution. To bid high on these terms is not only to take the wind out of the sails of the Labour Party, which is in spirit much more a Social Reform than a Socialist Party, but also to stymie the demand for fundamental changes in class structure and economic power.

The Government—that is, in effect, the Tories, without whose consent the Government as a whole cannot act—has now, in swift succession, raised Service pay, announced a plan of demobilisation which is likely to be popular, and produced a Beveridge-and-water plan in which, the children apart, there is a good deal more Beveridge than water. As far as home affairs are concerned, this trinity goes a good way towards providing a basis for an election appeal against Labour, and one which Labour will not find it easy to meet. The logical way of fighting it would be to make a strong counter-bid for Socialism, and that is what the Labour Party ought to do. To fight at a General Election on the difference between 90% Beveridge and 110% Beveridge—which fairly represents the difference between the Government and the Labour Party in this particular field—will be to court defeat. For the electors will probably regard 90% Beveridge in the hand as worth more than Beveridge plus 10% in the bush.

The line-up—between the would-be restorers of capitalism and the advocates of Socialism in one shape or another—is rapidly becoming clear in the field of home affairs. When we get the full story of what has been happening at Dumbarton Oaks, it will probably be no less clear in the field of world affairs. There the real difference is between those who put first the establishment of some sort of real international authority for keeping the peace and promoting international collaboration, and those who, however their intentions are disguised, are set on a return to power politics as a basis of national sovereignty of the Great Powers. The Tories will do all they can to prevent this issue from looming large at the election, which they will much prefer to fight mainly on their chosen ground in home affairs. Here again Labour will be courting disaster if it lets the Tories sidetrack the issue. Labour must fight, if it wishes to win, not merely by criticising and trying to amend what the Tories propose, but by putting forward its own Socialist principles and embodying them in concrete terms capable of reaching the minds of the general run of electors.

As far as the White Paper is concerned, the three things which above all others must be amended before it becomes law are, first, the niggardly treatment of children, for whom 5s. plus an uncertain provision of school meals and milk is all too little; secondly, the retention of the Means Test for the long-term unemployed, which is implied in the limits put on insurance benefits; and thirdly, the absence of any means of adjusting the proposed scale of benefit to the cost of living. There are many other anomalies in the scheme announced; but those three stand out, and it should be possible for public opinion to enforce large improvements in all these respects before the Bill becomes law. That, it may be argued, will only present the Tories with a still better election case. But, as we have pointed out, that is not vital: Labour will beat the Tories, not by bidding against them in terms of the Beveridge Plan, but by winning over the electorate to a rival policy of a much more fundamental kind—a policy of Socialism at home and of real international collaboration for peace and economic progress over the world as a whole.

Victory in 1944?

The attempt (well worth making) to "huff" the entire Rhine delta by airborne assault has failed to achieve complete success. The most important objective—the Nijmegen bridge—has been secured, but not the crossing of the narrower Lower Rhine at Arnhem; and along the whole front, from Holland to Belfort, enemy resistance has momentarily hardened. What follows? Not that the campaign in the West will necessarily be bogged down until next spring; nor need it be assumed that the new levies raised by Himmler and Goebbels will be a serious obstacle to Allied progress once the present re-formed "crust" of seasoned troops has been broken. The situation, however, does suggest that the forcing of the Siegfried line and the Rhine may require an effort on a scale which it will be difficult to sustain until more and better ports have been captured and restored to working order. Whatever blunders the enemy command may have committed in the West, he has clearly seen the necessity of denying to us for as long as possible the use of the seaboard. Possession of Calais and Dunkirk will be a help, but it is still more important for us to clear the

Scheldt estuary and gain access to Antwerp. Meanwhile, on the Eastern front, the Russians are proceeding methodically with the liberation of the Baltic States and the invasion of Hungary—operations which do not offer the promise of an early decision in the war unless they are, as they may well be, preliminary to a winter campaign in Western Poland.

Conquest—and After

German propaganda for internal consumption, on well-tried "strength through terror" lines, is making the most of a plan ascribed, rightly or wrongly, to Mr. Morgenthau, whereby Germany is to be almost completely de-industrialised by sealing coal-mines and demolishing steel plants, and thereafter divided into two agricultural states—north and south. If the Allies, as we hope we may assume, do not intend this economic lunacy, their best counter to Dr. Goebbels is to be able to point to solid reconstruction in liberated areas, including co-belligerent Italy. Here much remains to be done. We have before us a resolution passed by the General Council of the Italian Railwaymen's Union on August 20th. It declares that "the present famine conditions" will break down, if they continue, what is left of the will to build up a new life, by work and sacrifice. The correspondent of the *Times* in Rome has lately given the essential facts. Wages range from 500 to 1,000 lire a week: the humbler grades of clerks and civil servants draw even less. But a typica working class family required, in Rome during the spring and summer of this year, 1,458 lire for its weekly budget. The gap could be filled only by selling everything it possessed. Stil more wretched are the unemployed, of whom in Rome alone there are about 200,000. The Italian Government has now decreed that all who earn less than 750 lire shall receive a cost-of-living allowance of 300 lire weekly in Rome, and rather less in the provinces. This is good news as far as it goes; but if, as we may hope, Lombardy is soon liberated, the problem will assume wider dimensions. We welcome, therefore, the statement made by President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill that, not merely is the Italian Government to be given an increasing measure of autonomy but that U.N.R.R.A.'s scope is to be extended to Italy, and that engineers and industria experts are to be sent to assist in the rehabilitation of Italian transport and power systems.

Warsaw, Whitehall and Moscow

On the surface, amid the wreckage of Warsaw, the feud between Poles and Russians has been eased. The Red Army, which began by declaring that it was impossible to give air-borne help to General Bor's men, is now doing it on a considerable scale. It has also placed its airfields at he disposal of Allied aircraft engaged in the same good offices. Not only are the forces on the two banks of the Vistula co-operating at last; they are speaking of each other as if they really were comrades and allies. But the political problem is no nearer a solution, in spite of the intervention of Mr. Eden. Within the Cabinet of the "London" Poles Mr. Mikolajczyk secured unanimity at last; that is to say, the Socialists stopped bargaining and joined in the demand for the dismissal of the Commander-in-Chief, General Sosnkowski. The Premier turned the demand for the appointment in his place of General Anders an equally violent enemy of the Soviet Union, by proposing that the post itself shall be abolished. But the President, M. Raczkiewicz, still supports the soldiers and refuses to dismiss the general whose public indiscretions have made him almost as unpopular in Whitehall as he is in Moscow. The most awkward part of the bad business is that according to the semi-Fascist constitution of 1935, the President has the legal right to act in this matter as an autocrat. If he remains obstinate, he can defeat every effort of the reasonable and conciliatory Premier to come to terms with the Soviet Union. The Russians have all the cards in their hands with one exception—the international influence of the Catholic Church. They can impose their own solution, which will be to recognise the pro-Soviet Council of Liberation as the provisional government of Poland.

The Presidential Contest

Six weeks before the poll, Mr. Roosevelt has made his first speech of the campaign. It is significant that he chose to make it as the guest of the Teamsters' Brotherhood, the transport workers' union. If the too brief reports may be trusted, he prepared the electorate for no new departure in policy. His theme was the record of the Republican Party abroad and at home. He scourged it for wrecking the settlement of the last war and the prospects of the League of Nations. He then reviewed its negative and destructive attitude throughout his three terms of office, and more especially its irresponsible opposition to his efforts to deal with profiteering and inflation. By way of climax he recalled not the failure but the refusal of President Hoover to relieve unemployment in the world slump. But to speak of unemployment in the hearing of a Republican was, he said, like mentioning ropes in the house of a man who had been hanged. Meanwhile, in contact with the voters, Governor Dewey has been driven a long way from the negative conception of government which his Party has professed ever since it threw Theodore Roosevelt over. One by one, he has in his speeches dealt with the social innovations of the New Deal, and assured the workers that none of them shall be touched—neither the beginnings of social insurance, nor the limits fixed for wages and hours, nor the right of collective bargaining. These assurances bury *laissez-faire* with no hope of resurrection and make nonsense of twelve years' opposition to the New Deal. So far foreign policy has hardly emerged as an avowed issue of the election, unless one reckons the rather subtle effort of Senator Wheeler, the ablest of the isolationists. He urges that assent to collective security should be withheld, until it is clear what sort of concrete settlement the World Authority will have to maintain.

London's Damaged Houses

It is all very well for Mr. Bevin to appeal to building operatives in the Midlands and North to come to London and reinforce the squads engaged on repairs to houses damaged by flying bombs. Now that evacuees, encouraged by Mr. Sandys' ill-timed exuberance, have poured back, the shortage of accommodation sufficiently weather-proof for winter conditions is so acute in many South and East London boroughs that the danger of epidemic influenza can only be overcome by much more drastic action. The work of repair must be given the urgency of a military operation, and labour must be directed to it. In addition, requisitioning powers should be immediately employed in relation to the thousands of large houses lying tenantless in the West End. Furniture on a scale adequate for the minimum needs of billeted families could be secured by compulsory purchase of essentials from the mass of chattels stored in London depositories. The present owners could reasonably be given priority in the purchase of replacements as post-war supplies become available.

Swedish Changes

The turn of the tide in Finland was bound to affect Swedish orientation. The foundation of Swedish policy has been armed neutrality, as part of a wider policy—the collective neutrality of the North, including Finland. Help for Finland, but only when attacked unjustifiably, has been a powerful motive. Swedes are now taking stock of their new position, and moves have already been made by Stockholm. Recent Swedish moves include an announcement by insurance companies that they would cease insuring Swedish or other vessels carrying ore to Germany. Swedish vessels stayed in port. And now (as from Wednesday last) Sweden has banned her Baltic territorial waters to all foreign ships, including Finnish and Russian; in effect preventing German ships from carrying on the ore trade except by the dangerous North Sea route from Narvik. Sweden, on the other hand, will get no more coal from her only source, Germany. Sweden will now deliver war materials, accumulated since 1940, to Russia. The next move, if any, is with the Reich. The ban also affects the movement of unarmed German troopships from Finland, which hitherto have used Swedish waters under the protection of international law. Internal pressure is now being brought upon the Government to enter the war. "There must be no more drifting with the stream," writes the *Göteborgs Handels- och Sjöfartstidning*, which has constantly criticised earlier concessions to Germany. "If Sweden has a conscience still she will not be able to go on witnessing desperate German measures in Norway and Denmark." Other voices are raised, saying that, without the justification of useful sacrifice, Sweden would only damage her prestige by entering the fray almost at the kill. The events of the next few weeks, both in the North and in Europe generally, may decide the course Sweden will take, and it is not impossible that she will confer with the governments of the other, ex-neutral Oslo Powers, which include Holland, Belgium and Luxemburg.

PARLIAMENT: Back in the Fold

THE chief excitement of Parliament's return from the long Recess was provided by Morrison's announcement that he was about to release Captain Ramsay from Brixton, unconditionally (but reserving the right to pull him in again if necessary). The Left made the usual spirited and ineffective protest; Mr. Speaker took the view that it was improper to accuse Ramsay of anti-Semitism ("such suggestions" were "not in order"), and ordered Gallacher to withdraw for the rest of the day for describing Ramsay as "this unspeakable blackguard." Next morning the honourable and gallant Member for Peebles was in the Chamber, sleek and neat and apparently in normal physical health. He arrived in time for prayers, so that there was no danger of any demonstration such as might have been provoked by a later "stage entry." He sat on the second Government bench below the gangway. One or two Members spoke to him, but his presence seemed to embarrass a number of his honourable friends.

In the long-adjourned second reading debate on the Housing (Temporary Accommodation) Bill, there was criticism of the Government's unauthorised (but "very small") expenditure on the preliminaries of their steel houses, and of the limitation of the contracts to a few firms only; Lyttelton, in an unimpressive winding-up, seemed to deny this suggestion, and said that any new idea for an emergency house would be welcomed, provided "the site man-hours involved in the erection of any new type conform broadly to the site man-hours of those already in view."

This debate lasted somewhat longer than had been expected, and the House—after seven weeks off and one day on—was exhausted by the time Scottish housing was reached; only seventeen Members could be found when a count was called for, and the debate was adjourned.

At question time, Dalton promised more rubber for teats and more paper for books. Eden said that "useful and indispensable preliminary work" had been done at Dumbarton Oaks, but that he was not clear what his honourable friend had in mind when Miss Ward asked if he were "considering the establishment of inter-departmental machinery at a high level for devising ways and means for solving the political, economic, and social problems which call for international settlement"—a catholic demand indeed. Eden also had a sticky five minutes on Poland and Russia—protesting plaintively that this was a "delicate" subject, harried by Sir A. Knox, Sir A. Southby, McGovern and the rest of the anti-Soviet *bloc*.

PONTIFEX MINOR

DEMOBILISATION

INSTEAD of the expected general scheme of demobilisation, the Government produced last week merely a proposal for the "reallocation of man-power" during the interim period between the defeat of Germany and the defeat of Japan, coupling with this plan an announcement of increases in pay for those who have served in the Forces for more than three years, or will be serving hereafter in the war on the Asiatic front. This is a good deal less than a general scheme; but between the lines can be read clearly the Government's ideas of the method of demobilisation as a whole. Men are to be released from the Forces mainly on the basis of a formula which combines the features of age and duration of service, but takes no account of family responsibilities or of the promise in advance of definite jobs to which those to be released can return. Side by side with this general method of release there is to be, on a much smaller scale, an arrangement for transfer to the reserve of men who are urgently needed for reconstruction work; such men are, however, not to be released, but only transferred. They will be directed to jobs of national importance, and will be liable to recall to the Colours if they leave their jobs.

In order to make it possible to combine considerable releases and transfers at an early stage without unduly depleting the Armed Forces, conscription is to continue, and both boys reaching the Service age and workers hitherto reserved who can be spared from war jobs will be called up. This, and the announcement that pre-Service training is to continue, plainly foreshadow the maintenance of compulsory military service, not merely during the interim period but after the end of the war against Japan. It suggests that the intention is to use the young men as they grow up for periods of service in the armies of occupation which it will be necessary to maintain. It does not, let us hope, mean that any attempt will be made, after the Japanese war, to maintain "direction of labour" or transfer to the reserve.

Probably few will quarrel with the decision that age and length of service are to be the main determinants of priority in release. It would be much more convenient, from the standpoint of economic efficiency, if these factors could be ignored or relegated to a minor place and if the Services could release first those who are most urgently needed for essential post-war jobs. It is, however, undeniable that any such order of release would be politically impracticable. It would arouse a keen sense of grievance among the older men and among those who have served longest; and, however well it might, in fact, be planned, there would be countless allegations of favouritism, of unfair pulls by influential employers, and of jiggery-pokery of every sort and kind. This is a pity; for men will be most urgently needed, not only for building and mining, but to an equal extent for teaching and other social services, and there are in all industries substantial numbers of skilled key men, whose early return would greatly ease the difficulties of shifting production back from a wartime to a peacetime basis. The Government's White Paper does not say what numbers of men are to be "transferred" under Class B, or the ground of the special need for their services, or precisely what procedure is to be adopted in arranging such "transfers." The number will have to be as large, and as well spaced, as is practicable politically if we are to get the houses, the schools and the schooling that have been already promised, and if either the export trades or the manufactures of consumers' supplies for the home market are to be effectively revived.

It is not easy to see, at first sight, why the Government decided, except in the case of women, to disregard family responsibilities in determining the order of release. Their reason seems to have been that a formula made up of these factors would have been too difficult to work and too complicated to be easily understood, and also that those who have married during the war would have been unfairly favoured as against those who are waiting to marry as soon as they are released. There is something in this; but the latter contention hardly squares with the absolute priority in release given to married women in the auxiliary Services.

In the main, however, there is no great fault to find with the general principles on which the Government have decided to proceed. Even against the evident intention to maintain compulsory military service after the war there is unlikely to be any strong protest; for such a decision has for some time past been pretty widely taken for granted. However little we may like it, we are in for a period during which we shall have to maintain a larger armed force than it will be practicable to recruit on a voluntary basis; and it would be obviously impracticable to retain those now serving for a further period of compulsory service if no compulsion were being applied either to those growing up or to young men who have been reserved for war work up to the present.

Nor would it be possible to continue into the Japanese war or into the period after it, the ridiculously low rates of Service pay on which the present war has been fought hitherto. The contrast becomes more glaring than ever as the American forces increase in numbers on this side of the Atlantic; and it would be quite out of the question to retain large forces at present rates of pay while others were being allowed to return to civil life. The recognition of this need was unavoidable; and even now it has been given on none too generous a scale. Of the adequacy of the leave allowances which are to be granted to men released or transferred, it is possible to judge only in connection with the new Social Security Plan; and no details are given in the White Paper of the amounts of war gratuity that are to be paid.

Nor, for obvious reasons, can we know how many men will be released during the interim period with which the White Paper deals, or how speedily the releases and transfers will be made. "Military requirements," we are told, "must overrule all other considerations"; and none will disagree, provided that "military requirements" are not stretched to cover military obstruction or red tape, and are not allowed to get in the way of the release of really essential persons, such as teachers and skilled builders, without whom reconstruction will be hopelessly held up. We should add miners but for the fact that most of the miners now in the Forces, having been mobilised as Territorials in 1939, will secure a high priority, on the score of length of service.

Mr. Bevin has been very emphatic in asserting that the Ministry of Labour will be uninfluenced by pressure of any sort in deciding which men are to be deemed suitable for demobilisation under Class B—transfer to reconstruction work. The Ministry, he says, will decide this on purely national grounds, and as far as possible the men will be chosen for transfer within each occupation on a basis of age and length of service. It is not easy to be sure what this means. When the need is simply for men of a particular trade—e.g., bricklayers—it will no doubt be possible to give priority to older men or men with long service; but how is this principle to be applied to deciding whether a particular firm is to be allowed to have back a key man who is needed for restarting its peacetime activities? There will also be complications about reinstatement. The reinstatement rights of men transferred under Class B are to be held over now, and are to become operative only when they are finally demobilised. But the rights of men released under Class A are to become operative at once—that is, in many cases before the jobs in which they are entitled to be reinstated have come back into existence.

Finally, there is the whole question of the Government's preparedness to face the issues which partial demobilisation will involve. Men are to be directed to work in industries specially important for reconstruction; but there is still no schedule of such industries. Moreover, this direction will apply only to men in Class B, who are transferred from the Armed Forces out of their order of priority. Men who are released under Class A will not, as far as the White Paper tells us, be subject to any such direction. But is this really the case? If direction continues to apply to men who have not been in the Forces at all, must it not apply also to men released from the Forces? If not, very curious anomalies will be bound to arise. Or is it meant that "direction" is to cease at the end of the war with Germany, except for men transferred under Class B?

In effect, the White Paper raises many more questions than it answers. Its general principles are sound enough, but nearly everything depends on the way of applying them, and in this the White Paper, no doubt advisedly, tells very little indeed. Presumably the size of the Armed Forces needed for the Japanese war has been under discussion at Quebec; and the extent to which manpower will be available on the defeat of Germany for a reconversion of industry depends on the decisions there arrived at. There will have in practice to be a large and rapid release, if really serious discontents are not to arise.

For the moment, principle will take precedence in most people's minds over economic expediency. The Government is right to put forward what seems, on the face of it, a simple scheme; but no scheme will, in fact, prove simple in its working out. It cannot be a simple matter to reconcile the claims of justice, as popularly conceived, with the social and economic needs of the nation in the years ahead.

JAPAN'S FIGHTING STRENGTH

SPEECHES by Japanese Premiers are hard going, but they deserve more attention than they usually receive. The British press is seldom able to reproduce more than a couple of inches out of a total of several miles of streaming verbiage, and these quotations, torn from their context and often selected on account of their, to the Western mind, amusing absurdity, are apt to give an altogether false picture. Unlike Hitler's orations which, once the bombast is swept aside, quickly enough reveal their hard core of factual information, they are by tradition such an inextricable tangle of fact, fancy and purely decorative oratory, that it is difficult to strip them of their flowery imagery without at the same time weeding out, inadvertently, the few bits of hard and valuable information which they always contain. The long cascade which General Koiso poured out before the Japanese Diet on September 7 is no exception. The press in this country reproduced from it little more than the statement, at once true and meaningless, that "the fate of the Empire hangs in the balance." Looked at more closely, the speech contains a great deal more than that. It is probably the most interesting statement made by any Japanese statesman since Pearl Harbour.

It confirmed what could already be suspected at the time of the downfall of Koiso's predecessor, namely, that the Government has become acutely conscious of the total inadequacy of the means and methods at its disposal. Among the mass of Koiso's problems inherited from Tojo, a number of major worries stand out, and on these he took the people into his confidence with extraordinary frankness Skipping elegantly past Japan's perplexing strategical situation, which has become even more disturbing since the American penetration into the outposts of the Philippines, Koiso emphasised, in this order, public morale, war industries, food supplies, man-power and home defence. With all of these he confessed himself openly dissatisfied.

Koiso stated plainly that Japanese fighting

morale, both at the front and at home, is no longer what it was and certainly not what it should be. This point is worth noting. To the Western mind Japanese morale and the sources which feed it are something of an enigma. Throughout a long war the Japanese have maintained their fighting determination in spite of great privations, and the evidence of the fighting in Burma and the Marianas, with some exceptions, is a fair indication that they do not lose their fighting qualities in a losing battle. One was inclined to think, however, that the series of great defeats of the past twelve months might have done something to shake Japan's conviction of her invincibility, although only in these later campaigns have groups of prisoners numbered in dozens or scores been taken. All the same, it would have been unwise to hope that the events of a few disastrous months could have eliminated the psychological effect of half a century of propaganda, reinforced by the prestige of a succession of victories. Koiso now tells us that these months have indeed had their effect, that not only the soldiers are showing signs of losing heart, but that the home front also is growing restless over the way things are going. The Government's first measure to meet the crisis in morale, he said, must be the "fostering of our fighting spirit and a further strengthening of the national structure." This must be founded upon a "revitalised conception of the national policy." The people, in other words, are beginning to get tired and discouraged by the war and by the way in which they are governed. And the Government knows the reason. "It is impossible to expect more determined fighting," says Koiso, "without the full expression of the will of the people." Hence the Government's astonishing decision to "keep the people fully informed so as to intensify their sense of joint responsibility, and to listen to the people's fair and just opinions." The reaction to this inside Japan must have been sharp. The Government's disregard of public opinion and its totalitarian regimentation of the public mind have obviously overreached themselves. In order to rekindle interest in the war and belief in victory, the Premier is compelled to pull out of his dark corner and to face the light.

There is similar uneasiness in regard to man-power. A curious tribute to the fighting achievements of army and navy units from Korea and Formosa, coupled with an even more curious reminder that "it is necessary to give full consideration to the treatment of these people," seems to indicate that Tokio is beginning to rely more and more on the fighting contribution of the subject and annexed peoples and that the treatment hitherto meted out to them by the Japanese *Herrenvolk* presents unsatisfactory results. For some time past the Japanese have attempted, through their puppet governments, to raise quisling armies in the various occupied regions like the Philippines, the Dutch East Indies, Burma, and of course China. It has become clear, and it is admitted in Tokio, that the armies of Japan proper are inadequate in numbers to defend both the "outer ring" of the new Empire and the mother country, should the "outer ring" be overrun. As Japanese troops are gradually being withdrawn and preserved for the defence of the mother country, the puppet governments have to shoulder the task of defending their own territories for which they are being rewarded by the granting of nominal independence—the latest example being the Dutch East Indies, to whom Koiso promised "independence" in this same speech. Hitler tried the same and failed, without having to grapple with sea communications.

In estimating the man-power of Japan proper one important point, however, must not be overlooked. There are normally living in the Japanese islands some 73 million people, while Japan's imperial populations are, of course, enormous So far as man-power for industry and for second line troops is concerned, probably only that of Korea and Manchuria need be considered, that is, populations of 24 and 43 millions. What emphasises these great resources of human beings and to a considerable, though of course to a less, extent, the industrial resources, too, is the distance factor. Though technical developments in the field of communications and engineering may reduce the importance of this factor it must always be true that it is easier to supply the forces engaged in the Far Eastern theatre of war from war factories in Nagasaki or Osaka than from those of the Midlands, New England or even California. For this reason it is misleading to compare the output of the war industries or the man-power of Japan with that of Britain and America.

Japan's war industries are showing, on Koiso's testimony, most disturbing bottlenecks. "It is essential," he declares, "to enforce effective and appropriate measures to eliminate bottlenecks which are impeding industry, without fighting shy of new plans because of their mere novelty, and without clinging to customary practices." Apparently at this late hour the introduction of new production methods is planned to which workers are slow to adapt themselves. Once again Japan's flashy super-totalitarianism seems to stumble over the country's stubborn traditionalism, which it has itself done so much to foster. It is astonishing to hear, at this juncture, that "now is the time when the people engaged in munitions production must rise to action," and the closing down and suspension of all non-essential industrial establishments, announced by Koiso, comes very late in the day.

In the field of industrial resources, a most interesting process can be observed. Japan has turned increasingly in the past ten years from textiles to heavier industry, and in the last few months this process has been accelerated. The closing of many of the textile mills is, of course, jeopardising her post-war industry for the sake of her present war effort. Like every belligerent, she is embarking her whole fortune upon the gamble for victory. Her resources now enable her to achieve a steel output of some 11 to 14 million tons annually from the Inner Zone. This is only about one-eighth of that achieved by the United States, but again nowhere does the distance factor apply more rigorously. Japan's aircraft industry is believed to be producing fifteen to twenty thousand machines a year of all types. This, Koiso stated, is not nearly enough, adding that the key to victory lies in an "immediate intensification of aircraft production." But even more serious is Japan's shortage of shipbuilding capacity, especially when taken in conjunction with her obvious inability to provide effective air cover for her existing convoys at a distance from Japan. The 800,000 tons of steel shipping which Japan is at present able to produce, plus timber shipbuilding, have long been unable to make good her losses. The production of "wooden ships" is being boosted with great energy everywhere, including the conquered empire, and the propaganda devoted to it actually resembles very much the aureole in which Goebbels at one time clothed the "secret weapon."

This crucial shipping shortage is, no doubt, partly responsible for dictating the policy whereby the inner zone of the Japanese Empire is receiving an ever-increasing amount of attention in the form of economic development. Thus rice production in the islands of Japan is being stimulated still further in spite of the conquest of the great rice-growing regions. Aluminium is being developed slowly and expensively from the aluminous shale of Manchuria and North China rather than from the resources of bauxite in the Dutch East Indies. The synthetic rubber industry finally (crowning irony!) is being pursued by the nation which has under its control the finest rubber producing regions in the world, and synthetic petroleum is being developed in spite of the conquests of mineral oil in the Dutch East Indies and Malaya. These are a few only of the many ways in which a ceaseless effort to gain self-sufficiency in the inner zone is being made. The Japanese Government is obviously taking a very short view of the war as a whole, and a very poor one of its ability to keep the Outer Zone, known otherwise as the Co-Prosperity Sphere, in the fight.

How far these various resources are vulnerable to air bombardment it is impossible to say with any accuracy. Koiso is certainly very much alive to the danger. "It is a matter of urgent necessity," he explains, "that the protection of important industrial establishments against air attacks should be further strengthened." New measures and regulations for the extension of air raid precautions and civil defence are announced, and the possibility of a physical invasion of the Japanese mainland is not being lost sight of. "It has become necessary to arm the entire nation." What effect air bombardment on a large scale is likely to have on the morale of the civil population of Japan, we have as yet no means of knowing. It is certainly wiser to assume that military effects of bombing will mainly be measurable in the form of material destruction. Already the effect of air bombardment against the lengthy lines of communications on which the Japanese forces depend, is being most seriously felt, and the ability to blanket bases from the air has made the whole strategic conception of the "by-pass" possible. When the attack on Japanese industry, already initiated from the air, grows to really great power, its effect may well be decisive. Meanwhile Japan's war industries, concentrated extremely closely in a few compact areas, are being geared to maximum production. "In the face of the present grave situation, says Koiso, the existence of a single idle person, regardless of age or sex cannot be tolerated."

Yet, does Koiso seriously believe that he can still pull it off? A mysterious sentence in his speech, tucked away among a swarm of irrelevancies, casts an odd light on his conviction. "For our 100 million people to take up their battle stations for victory and to put forth their maximum effort, means the complete exhaustion of all human energy and the awaiting of Divine help." The meaning is clear.

PETER DE MENDELSSOHN

A LONDON DIARY

"ALL over bar the shouting." He was an undersized, shuffling, shoulder-lifting Cockney, and this was his response to the mid-day news chalked outside a pub. He spoke loud enough for several people to turn round angrily. Squalid little man, of the type that invites and escapes kicking, and yet he gave utterance to the grudge that in one way or another we all feel. The issue has been decided; the war goes on. Impatiently, automatically, one turns to view a post-war London, discounting the European battle, the few stray bombs or rockets yet to fall. The idea—like a spring day, or should I say a tooth pulled?—that it may be all over, makes us rub our eyes and look round: so much lost, so much left, and everything painfully cramped and shabby. It will take London a long time to loosen its joints. We weren't ready for the lift of the blackout; the war will end and we shan't be any more ready. A packed West End, queues for theatres, flags here and there in the shops advertise gaiety, but outside there are too many holes to be filled in, too many ways of wondering about the future. We shall rebuild—yes, but how? Underground, in huge dormitories, for fear of the next war? The shelter habit is strong. Or more hopefully, along lines of big business or State control? Until the architect knows which, he is certain to hedge. Bit by bit, I suppose, we shall pile up another compromise world, a makeshift London whose monuments can be guessed from Shell-Mex House and the new Waterloo Bridge; keeping, perhaps, a few of the spaces and vistas opened by destruction. It will be brighter and cleaner than the London of to-day, and perhaps I am underrating the inspiration that will go to the building of it, but the various plans don't encourage one. I think our system of banks, ground-rents and monopolies (tinged by the Socialist alternative) will make for expensive ugliness. And to start with, at any rate, there is

likely to be a toadstool growth of hutments such as sprang up, though on a far lesser scale, from the last war. Those temporary offices in Whitehall—reputedly the most dignified street in London—still disfigure after twenty-six years.

* * *

Take a walk through the streets. The broken panes and gutted rows are acclimatised already: they were only one step further in dereliction. It seems natural we should go on staring at one another in the park through scrolls of barbed wire, as though these barriers had been dropped, not to defeat an invader, but to constrict ourselves; no hurry, then, about removing them. Black pump-water and hopeful little weeds in doorways add a decoration. And the clouds press lower. Like all excessively gloomy towns, London seems to attract its own bad weather; the fine day is the exception which makes us shift uneasily and exclaim, "What a lovely day to be in the country!" After five years of wartime in London I find it a hard place to get away from, and from time to time, in a fit of desperation, I set out to explore my huge prison. I spread out the map. To the north-east there is a neighbourhood called De Beauvoir Town: one day I must pay it a visit, if only to make sure it is not a figment of the cartographer and to find out how the name is pronounced by those who live there. There's a De Beauvoir Square; nice address. But after probing various ways on paper, I usually end by turning south. To those who live north of the Thames (as I do, by a couple of hundred yards), the great alternative is provided by the South. One gazes across the water at another town, low-roofed, working-class, enjoying a wider sky, with trams instead of tubes and hills rising in the distance. It seems a way out, as no doubt does the northward view to inhabitants of Lambeth or Putney. The little houses are a relief; voices fall on the ear with a difference, mingling Cockney and small-town accents.

* * *

The last time I bicycled over Vauxhall Bridge, it was not only to throw off my habitat, but to calculate for myself the effects of bombing. How many doodlebugs, tearing towards me at night, had dived on areas of London I had never touched, lighting up here and there, like those flashes in automatic machines over which one has no control, the map of darkness! The momentary flare-up, confirmed seconds later by a heavy discharge of sound, added a touch of unreality to tragedy; I could never quite get used to it; my own experience of the nearer ones was so different. But there, as I pedalled by during the afternoon, was the evidence spread out in a gashed High Street, whole rows of little houses, tile-loose and huddled together like sick birds with ruffled feathers. How neat the pyramid of plaster outside each front door or gate! It was immensely pathetic, this repetition of modest suffering; and at the sites where men were still digging, the commonplace "They lost everything" was completed by the thought "all they had to lose." I bicycled on and on (it was a sunny afternoon, with an occasional doodle falling), through Wandsworth, Croydon, Lewisham; everywhere the same; war-weary, work-dejected streets; then a fragment of glass on the road catches the light, and another circle of destruction, as after a minor earthquake, slides into view. In the end, with that hunger for mileage which displaces eventually every other feeling about London, I was dodging trams on the Woolwich-Plumstead road, until I turned off across gray-green flats neighbouring the river. A cinder-track led past cottages, a gasworks in a field; goats, lime-pits, ditches, smoke, cowparsley; and beyond, in the level sunlight, a sailing barge with only the sails visible. A curious outlandish beauty (as I stood there leaning on my bicycle) seemed to me to invest this scene, typical no doubt, for its bargee-farmer inhabitants, of London.

* * *

How many people to-day, I wonder, have read *News from Nowhere*? I was reminded of Morris's idyll by my ride through South London and my glimpse of the river. While most Utopias are hateful, his is charming. The hero, in a dream or vision, finds himself bathing in the early morning in a crystal-clear Thames at Hammersmith, and from that point—though we may shy away from these wise merry-makers at times—his adventures are delightful. Everyone, of course, is simple and contented and well-off, the crafts have come into their own again, work now ranks as a pleasure. No money and few machines. Even the weather of the future shows a wonderful improvement, Socialism and human kindness having made themselves felt on the Gulf Stream. Politically, no doubt, much of the argument could be written off as sentimental Communism with mediaeval trimmings: the reverse of the hard-visaged times in which Morris found himself living. There are passages of prophetic insight (sex relations, the General Strike) and the account of the Revolution which transforms everything is brilliantly imagined. The strength of Morris's vision, however, is poetic. He offers us not so much a possible future as a criticism of human behaviour and institutions; and this criticism, as from a gifted child, is touchingly to the point. We should love more and be less afraid; without property there would be no snobbery, no theft; and perhaps if we gave up cutting one another's throats we should all grow more beautiful. Morris's vision ends with a pastoral of the Thames Valley which is one of the delights of Victorian fiction. The beauties of the new capital one has to take his word for; but behind this vision rises London in the Eighties, arrogant, dirty, stark, with its contrasts of rich and poor; the same London that had appalled Blake at the beginning of the century. Morris, by the way, is among the authors who seem to survive any paper-shortage. *The Life and Death of Jason*—copies seem to hang together in half-dozens—must be a title wearisomely familiar to those who haunt the bookshops; and I believe it is possible, though not very easy, to lay hands on a copy of *News from Nowhere*.

* * *

Post-war Notes:

Strange tobacconist this morning, from whom I purchased packet of cigarettes, asked me if I'd like some matches, too.

No more Home Guard. It doesn't die, it simply fades away. All the exploits that might have been accomplished (Hitler willing), disappear item by item as we hand in our equipment. Rifle—bang go the paratroops we never mopped up on commons! Sten gun—fare you well, saboteurs and looters, you will never suffer a near-miss from me! Good-bye, blanco, gaiters, webbing! The boots perhaps we shall be allowed to keep: they were for many an inducement. But more than anything, after three years' waiting, it was illusion that kept the show going, the dream of an invasion in which all our knowledge, hardly won in church halls, would be put into practice. Possibly with a hand grenade some of us might have proved more of a danger to ourselves than to the enemy, but we knew our parts. The catechism went—let me see, now—like this. "What are the four Characteristics" (the instructor would slur a little angrily over this word) "of the M 36?" Recruit has a far away look as he begins: "The first is Height. (*Right.*) The second is Distance. (*Right.*) The third is er—Burst. (*Right.*) The fourth is Wind, but that doesn't concern us now." "That doesn't concern us here. Right. Now what about Burst? Enlarge a little on that." And so on.

* * *

Overheard, bus-top, Kensington:

"And how is your hubby getting on in Cairo, dear? It must be nice and warm, mustn't it?"

"Yes, he says the country's not so bad. But he doesn't like the natives, he says, they're all either too rich or too poor. He enjoyed his leave in Palestine, though. (Pause). Yes, he was much smitten by the Holy Land."

G. W. STONIER

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to K. Michalukova.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

A strong protest ought to be made against the abolition of fire-watching. We never asked to be put on fire-watching, and amends should have been made by asking us if we wished to be taken off. If a vote were taken 75 per cent. of the married men would vote in favour of continuing. I plead for its resumption on higher grounds—that it would be wonderful discipline for the working classes.—Letter in *Northamptonshire Chronicle and Echo*.

Ten o'clock is not too late for a daughter to come home when the clock is two hours forward.—Letter in *Sunday Express*.

The Merchant Navy have faced death for you. . . . You are asked to dance for them at St. Botolph's Hall.—Advt. in *Lincolnshire Echo*.

If Africans and Indians and Chinese obstinately and selfishly insist on buying machinery and becoming factory workers instead of being content with the idyllic state of the plantation labourer which God and Adam Smith so manifestly intended for them, then they should, at any rate, have the grace and good sense to buy British machinery.—*Manufacturing Chemist*.

Referring to Mr. Churchill's recent visit to His Holiness the Pope, Mr. Wilton said that he did not care if Mr. Churchill was the greatest leader Britain had ever had; he had undone 25 per cent. of his leadership by associating with the Pope.—*Irish Times*.

A move was made to the cowshed, where Miss Jones, Abercwmdole, under the direction of Miss R. M. Evans, N.D.D., showed how the milking should be done. Miss Evans stressed the fact that the cow was an all-important factor.—*Cambrian News*.

CONTEMPORARY ITALY

II. THE SOUTH

BEFORE crossing into liberated Southern Italy in June of this year, I had repeatedly assured my Italian friends that I was bound for a land flowing with beer and cigarettes, cheap food and plenty of it. These assurances made them curse the Germans with renewed vigour, while they cast skyward glances as if in search of the allied armies. In spite of the effect of German propaganda, which especially amongst the younger people had managed to leave the impression that Italy was being liberated by hordes of Moroccans and American Negroes, there was a steadfast belief amongst Italians that General Alexander was a wholesale cigarette and chocolate merchant. During our advance into Sicily the mayor of a small town had greeted the crew of a Jeep, demanding to know how far behind them were the chocolate and grain lorries. The crew disclaimed any knowledge of these, whereupon the mayor produced a propaganda leaflet promising food to the liberated people and his meridional blood boiled at the thought that he might have been duped. This is an extreme example of a general attitude. The mass of Italians now feel themselves to be very little concerned in the war, and since Britain and the U.S. have occupied their country they expect the two richest nations on earth to provide them with a pre-war standard of living. I have eaten excellent meals throughout Southern Italy, but my hosts invariably apologised for the quality and quantity of their food. Enormous dishes of very fine spaghetti were always cried on to the table with *Non si trova più niente*. Dishes of peaches, plums, oranges, grapes slid down throats which uttered

continuously *Povera Italia, quanto siamo ridotti.* The Italians cannot or will not realise that the Allies are concerned in an unpleasant task which directs their energies into channels other than feasting. Despite the natural poverty of Southern Italy as compared with the North the population there is incomparably better off than its brothers under the Nazis. The farmers have not been forced to sell their grain, eggs and livestock at very low prices. Cigarettes and other minor luxuries are easily obtainable, even though these may be American and English brands sold on the black market, and there is a sufficiency of bread and flour, the basic ration recently being almost doubled.

There are, however, friction and unpleasantness, such as attend any military occupation. The most obvious, although not the most important, concerns women. The Germans, with their organisation of brothels, have managed to gain a reputation for "correct" behaviour in some parts of Europe. The Allies, relying upon the morals of the individual soldier, have managed to cause a few unpleasant incidents and an impression which is not generally favourable.

It would be wrong and unfair to insinuate that all Allied soldiers are engaged in a constant debauch, but the Italians talk as much as they breathe and stories run around the beaches and bars which certainly tend to give that impression. In some cities, girls have had their hair snipped while walking in company with coloured and white troops. This type of incident is usually committed by Italian troops, still in uniform and armed with knives and bayonets, in sufficient strength to safeguard them against immediate reprisals. These youths present a difficult problem. More strongly than other Italians they defend the prevalent notion that the Italian soldier is the most courageous and the most effective infantryman which any army has produced. There are many stories which bear this out. The most stupefying concerns an Italian officer whose brigade had laid down its arms *en masse* in Africa, after a rattle of Bren gun fire from one of our platoons. Having resided at Oxford for some years and being able to speak flawless English, he was invited to dine in a mess some fifty minutes after his capture. Here he discoursed on the war in this wise. "You English undoubtedly have the best artillery; the Germans are superior to everybody in their tank arm while we, of course, have infantry second to none." The experiences of the past hour had apparently been forgotten!

Taking into account this extraordinary view of the war, it is quite comprehensible why the Italians tolerate Allied troops rather than welcome their presence. They feel that these are on Italian soil under false pretences, and this applies especially to the French. "We conquered them, you know, in 1940." There is little hostility to Allied forces; what there is, vents itself upon those women who, for one reason or another, keep company with the soldiers. In Naples there was a boom in the sale and diffusion of a little broadsheet, written by a street-singer. He parodied a well-known song and sang it in dialect to amused crowds. Cynical and slangy, its appeal to the Neapolitans was instant. The key is struck in the first three lines:

Che mala fine faie tu che ma'a fine
quando se nne vanno americane
rimane cu na vranca e mosche mmane
What trouble lies ahead of you, what trouble
When all those fine Americans have gone
And you alone remain to hold the baby

There are many other similar ditties. One day the Italians will realise that they are singing these songs on the stage and selling them on the street without being carted to gaol; when this realisation comes they will apply themselves to work of a more constructive nature.

Indeed the most effective contrast between a town in German occupied Italy and one in the South is the amount and diversity of the newspapers and other literature. For many months I had read no "free" newspaper at all, other than Allied propaganda leaflets and an occasional issue of *Avanti*, organ of the Communist Party on the Adriatic; this was, incidentally, excellently printed and produced, a model effort giving much hardheaded advice. In Naples, however, one may count ten different dailies representing ten different factions on every paper-stall. In March I had a letter from friends in Rome describing how a host of different publishing ventures were in preparation against the day when Rome should be free. Books and pamphlets were being written, edited and set aside with the printers' contracts tagged to them, ready for a press action on the grand scale. In Naples all bookshops were displaying pamphlets and slim volumes, touching the present and the recent past. The reappearance of a free press and the very full advantage which the Italians are taking of it are the most encouraging aspects of Italy to-day. Although the dailies tend to sycophancy in their references to the Allies, there is the utmost virility in their general tone. The strangest feature of the entire press is the manner in which the war is to all intents ignored. Factionalism, which is not apparent amongst the people, looms monstrously in the political press, and is concerned almost exclusively with the reconstruction of Italy.

The political situation in Italy is different from that in other countries, where the existence of a faction presupposes some kind of popular support. One obtains the impression, especially in the country, that the politics of a nation are being carried on by a group of professionals who are constantly manoeuvring and counter-manoeuvring for some indefinite purpose of their own. How far the socialists, liberals, monarchists and weird partisans of the pre-1920 political chaos have the support of those whom they claim to represent is still a matter to be decided.

At this moment the task of Italian politicians is to educate their people to an acceptance of reality and show them the road out of the misery which their own passivity brought upon them. The only clear statement of present fact and future policy which I have seen is contained in a pamphlet issued by the Communist party in Naples. It was printed last year and in the first paragraphs pointedly reveals the international position of the Italian people, pointing out how they suffered fascism for twenty years and abetted Mussolini in this and previous years. Its platform consists of three planks. First National Unity on the broadest lines with the Italian working class as the basis of this unity. Secondly, a greater and more energetic prosecution of the war against the Nazis on their soil, and thirdly, the most efficient mobilisation of all industrial resources left to them. Two months ago Palmiro Togliatti (Ercoli) spoke at Rome and repeated this programme, laying special emphasis on the need for national unity and appealing point blank to the Allies to arm and equip a large Italian Army of Liberation. He rightly considers that the existence of a considerable armed force composed entirely of Italian units, pursuing a successful war against the German invader and his fascist satellites, would give a feeling of unity and purpose to the Italian people which is now totally absent, and it would largely remove the clogging apathy from their national affairs.

If the Communist Party has not got the largest support of the Italian parties, it has certainly enrolled the most vociferous and propaganda-conscious elements. Walls in working class districts are smothered with red paint; symbols and slogans hit the eye at every corner urging death for the King and Badoglio, long life for Churchill, Roosevelt and Stalin. Working parties of Italians roar through the villages in American lorries, continuously singing the *Bandiera Rossa*. Other parties remain silent and leave the paint in the shops; their future supporters lie on the beach and tell you, "Yes, there are many Communists, but there are even more who are against Communism. Why don't they show it? Well, they are not very interested in politics. I, for instance, prefer to lie here on the beach and get brown rather than paint walls and attend meetings. When the Allies leave Italy we shall settle our affairs; until then we are helpless. No, I do not know who Bonomi is. Croce is certainly a great man but I have read none of his works; I am reading architecture, you know, at the university and he is hardly in my line. Incidentally, when you go back to camp, could you possibly get me a bar of soap? Going already? *Popolo di cinque paste* we call you English, "five-mealers"; you eat so much. When will we see all these supplies you talk about?"

As I go I notice two new posters on the beach wall. One is the work of the apolitical students from the university and calls for a return to Catholic duty and study. The other demands to know who overthrew Mussolini and who was the natural leader of the Italian people. The answer: *il Re, solo il Re.* CARLO MARINI

ADVERTISEMENTS

THERE are people who regard universal education as a failure because not one person in a hundred—perhaps not one in a thousand or more—reads Milton or Addison after he has left school. I agree that the charms of *Paradise Lost* and Addison's prose are still insufficiently appreciated by the general public, but there are other doors into the imaginative world besides good prose and poetry, and anyone who has learnt to read words of three syllables has the keys of some of them. Advertisements, for example, provide a rich field of literature—a field inexhaustible for millions of readers from their early schooldays till the lethargy of old age. I myself have been an almost lifelong reader of advertisements. I must have begun to read them by the time I was learning that *mensa* with a long "a" meant "by, with or from a table."

All the advertisements that I read then were the advertisements of the postage-stamp merchants—one of the most exciting of the many exciting features of the *Boy's Own Paper*. One scarcely needed the stimulus of poetry as one pored over these offers of "50 assorted stamps for 1/1d." with their repetitions of the names of strange places—Ecuador, Nicaragua, Newfoundland, Antigua, Porto Rico, Mauritius, Persia. Literary critics have pointed out how subtly the poets use place-names to enchant us—Arabia, Trebizond, Samarkand; and by the same means I think it must be admitted the stamp-dealers lit up the imaginations of schoolboys. One ought, perhaps, to have found the same inspiration in the geography-books; but geography with its eternal population statistics, areas, exports and imports was the enemy of wonder. It put a load on the memory, not a lamp in the mind

Stamps after a few years lost their interest for me; but the passion for reading advertisements lived on. Besides the *Boy's Own Paper* I now bought one or two penny weeklies which contained advertisements of a new sort. One advertiser, I remember, offered a prize to anyone who could make two words (chosen by him and put into trusty hands in a sealed envelope) out of the letters *AAEELPRY*. All you had to do was to guess the right words, and to send in the solution with a shilling postal order. Being a not entirely half-witted child, I saw after a few moments' study that the letters, properly arranged, spelt *LEAP YEAR;* and after borrowing the money from the family, I went out and bought a postal order and sent it off with my solution, confident that in a few days the postman would be dropping a small fortune for me through the letter box. I do not think I have ever been so certain of anything, except to-morrow's sunrise, since. I was all the more amazed and indeed, indignant, when a letter arrived from the advertiser, announcing that the winning answer was APE LAYER, regretting my failure to have earned one of the prizes, and hoping for my future favours. It was my first experience of being what the Americans

call a "sucker"; and after that I was not to be lured even by advertisements offering prizes to anyone who counted correctly the number of "e's" in the Book of Genesis—entrance fee, one shilling. I sometimes suspect that the prize-winning answer in this case was simply "Two."

There were other advertisements in the papers that I longed to answer but had not the courage to answer. One of them referred to a cure for blushing. Now, blushing can be a serious matter to a small schoolboy who falls in love for the first time. To find oneself blushing and trembling at the knees when one meets the beloved in the street is to experience an acute form of spiritual agony. How often, when I approached the Helen of Troy of those days, I put a handkerchief to my face, pretending to have a cold, but really to hide my blushes, as I took off my school-cap with my other hand! Ardently though I wished for the magic potion, or whatever it was, that would cure my affliction, however, I was too self-conscious to write for it. I could not bear the thought that even an unknown girl-clerk in a distant city should become aware of my weakness. I imagined her laughing when she had opened my letter and passing it round the office in a spirit of mockery. Self-consciousness knows no limits.

For the same reason I never wrote for the cure for misshapen noses. This, I think, was a machine which one wore while in bed and which gradually compressed even the ugliest nose into presentable form. My nose since fairly early childhood had been a source of deep humiliation to me. Every time I looked in the glass, my spirits fell at the sight; and, when I was alone in a room, I looked in the glass long and often, as if hoping to find that my nose was not so ugly as I thought. Always, however, before my gaze spread the same old enormity. I did not know the word "elephantiasis" then; if I had, I should have thought I was suffering from elephantiasis of the nose. If I could have got hold of an instrument that would squeeze it into half its size without anyone knowing about it, I should never have gone to bed without my nose machine. Once more, however, self-consciousness weakened my will. I saw myself as the laughing-stock of the clerks in the nose-machine office and could hear in my mind's ear their hideous hilarity. I would not expose myself to such ribaldry; and if my nose has to some extent dwindled since then in proportion to the rest of my face, I owe this, not to the inventions of science, but to the healing power of Nature.

Advertisements became exciting to the imagination again as the appetite for reading—especially for reading new books—grew. Publishers' advertisements, like the earlier advertisements of the stationers dealers, opened up new territories to the mind—El Dorados almost at one's door. Any book was worth reading about then in an advertisement, and the sentences quoted from the reviewers whetted one's appetite like a peacetime menu in a great restaurant. Never since the dawn of the alphabet can there have been so many brilliant writers alive at the same time. More than a few of them have been forgotten since, but in the Nineties of the last century their names shone as brightly as the names of film-stars shine for the young to-day. All my possessive instincts were awakened by the announcement of a new Kipling book. The news that *Many Inventions* was about to be published made me as expectant as an astronomer who learns that some epoch-making event is on the eve of happening in the heavens. Another Stevenson opened up prospects like a sight of the Atlantic in summer. With such money as I had in my pocket I bought new Zangwills as greedily as wartime women buy fur coats and diamonds. Anthony Hope, William Watson, John Davidson, Thomas Hardy—I bought them all while the money lasted. Nor did I despise, as some of the critics did, Marie Corelli and Hall Caine. I thought Marie's *Barabbas* a particularly fine book, revealing Judas as a noble character. Hall Caine's *Manxman*, as I read it during a seaside holiday, seemed to me to be the next best thing after Kipling and Stevenson and Scott and *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*. And there were forgotten authors such as "Zack" and E. L. Voynich, who were—for a year or two at least—undoubted geniuses.

In those days book advertisements might have been described as maps of contemporary literature as enticing as the maps a motorist carries with him in peacetime, showing him how to get to Eastbourne and Worthing and Bournemouth and Newquay and all the newly-developed areas, few of which anybody except a fanatic for novelty would care to see more than once. Maps make one want to go almost anywhere—once. It may be Fountains Abbey or Leeds, Shrewsbury or Swindon. See the name of a place on a map, and you wish, either passionately or lukewarmly, to have seen it. Advertisements are merely maps of other kinds of magnets—whether books or patent medicines or tulip bulbs. They make everything they mention desirable. That is the supreme gift of the advertiser. He makes you want a thing, whether you want it or not.

Wartime advertisers even try to incite us to want things that the manufacturers cannot provide. They publish the virtues of whiskies and gins which, when we go to the shops, we find are unprocurable. They tell us how good their razor-blades are, but, when we go to chemists, there are none in stock. Inventing a new form of sadism, indeed, the modern manufacturer publishes advertisements telling us such things as: "Our biscuits are the best, but you can't get them," or "Buy our matches—if you can—and, if you can, you may count yourselves lucky" or "Our motor tyres last for years, but it may be years before you can get them." Advertisers, indeed, during the war have entirely changed their tactics. After telling us how good their goods are, they now go down on their knees to us to use fewer of them. I have for a long time been expecting to see a great tobacco firm issuing an advertisement begging us to smoke fewer cigarettes for our throat's sake. Even the brewers may yet spend money in telling us that, though beer, like water, is best, no one should ever drink more than half a pint of it in a day. Most of the great advertisers nowadays, indeed, urge us to buy as few of their goods as possible. How unlike the luxurious world into which we grew up—the world of Johnnie Walker, still walking and inviting us to accompany him *ad lib* on his peregrinations.

Puritanical though the advertisers have become, however, we still continue to read the announcements of their wares. We may have only an overdraft at the bank, but it is pleasant to day-dream of purchasing a "delightful freehold country residence" with "entrance hall, lounge, dining room, study, six bedrooms, bathroom and offices; main electricity; garage, stabling, greenhouse, outbuildings; walled-in kitchen garden, orchard, paddock, well-timbered ornamental grounds, tennis court, in all about three acres." Most of the people who read advertisements, I am sure, read them, not with the hope of ever possessing the things advertised, but only with the wish to possess them—country estates, Rolls Royces, mink coats, and all the other things that to Epictetus would have seemed not worth possessing.

I may say that what set me off on this subject was an advertisement of something I had never heard of before called a "big-toe guard," which one is supposed to put on one's big toe to prevent holes from coming in one's socks. If I had not been a confirmed advertisement-reader, I should have missed this. Shall I buy one or not? I do not know. If only the advertiser had caught me in the mood in which I once read the advertisements of Antigua and Nicaragua stamps! But, alas, that happens only once when one is very, very young.

Y. Y.

A POSTAL SUBSCRIPTION to any address in the world. costs: Yearly, 32*s.* 6*d.* Six months, 16*s.* 3*d.* Three months, 8*s.* 6*d.* Only overseas subscriptions accepted at present, to start as soon as copies are available.

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION,
10, Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1. *Hol.* 3216.

POSTAGE on this issue is: Inland, 1½*d.; Foreign,* 1*d.; Canada,* 1*d*

"FANNY'S FIRST PLAY"

Fanny's First Play was the first of Shaw's to have a really long run. It was produced at the Little Theatre in April, 1911, and at the Kingsway Theatre afterwards it continued to run for over a year and a half. I cannot understand why he called it "a pot-boiler"; it belongs to that serious section of his dramatic works, his religious farces. He did not write a preface to it, perhaps because he had already expatiated upon family life, parents and children, in connection with *Misalliance* (1910), while others among his "conversion" plays were bigger hooks on which to hang his religious views. But the note he did prefix to it bears exclusively upon its theme, unlike most of his prefaces, which were apt to deal with matters not actually dramatised in the plays for which they were written. Shaw's prefaces are, as a rule, stimulating appendices. In this note he goes straight to the point of the play itself:

> Nowadays we do not seem to know that there is any other test of conduct except morality; and the result is that the young had better have their souls awakened by disgrace, capture by the police, and a month's hard labour, than drift along from their cradles to their graves doing what other people do for no other reason than that other people do it, and knowing nothing of good and evil, of courage and cowardice, or indeed anything but how to keep hunger and concupiscence and fashionable dressing within the bounds of good taste except when their excesses can be concealed. Is it any wonder that I am driven to offer to young people in our suburbs the desperate advice: Do something that will get you into trouble? . . . I hate to see dead people walking about: it is unnatural. Out of the mouth of Mrs. Knox I have delivered on them the judgment of her God.

Yes, that is the theme of *Fanny's First Play*. And it follows that Mrs. Knox is the lynch-pin of it. Failure to recognise that was the gravest defect (there were other minor ones) of the performance at the Arts Theatre. Miss Cecily Hamilton was extraordinarily impressive in that part in the memorable first production, but Miss Chris Castor, alas, does not come within miles of suggesting that she is a woman who has found "inner happiness," and knows that its attainment matters most to human beings. She did not seem to know what her own part or the play itself was about, and I expect that few who saw it for the first time did so either. None of the remarkable things Mrs. Knox has to say told. Miss Castor never spoke with the authority of one capable of a deeper sincerity than those around her. If the producer had looked up Miss Cecily Hamilton's memoirs and seen what Mrs. Knox looked like, that at any rate might have helped the actress to avoid being merely a kind, flustered, tearful elderly matron. Quakerish severity in dress, a touch of the Salvation Army in her bonnet, might have helped to remind her of her part; that she is a woman who can say before her husband

> "I wanted a man who had that happiness within himself. You made me think you had it; but it was nothing but being in love with me."
>
> "And do you blame him for that?"
>
> "I blame nobody. But let him not think he can walk by his own light. I tell him that if he gives up being respectable he'll go right down to the bottom of the hill. He has no powers inside himself to keep him steady; so let him cling to the powers outside him."

This is the essence, too, of all the fun throughout; two elderly tradesmen clinging desperately to conventions in circumstances in which their habitual standards afford no guidance; of everybody, even Mrs. Knox herself for a while, being knocked off their perches by the disgrace of a son and a daughter.

Miss Daphne Arthur as Margaret Knox was very properly in a state of excitement from her first entrance onwards; but she did not keep enough energy in reserve for a crescendo, and there are also passages in which she should appear disconcertingly calm rather than obstreperously defiant. In these she was not equally successful.

In the scene with Bobbie Gilbey which ends in one of those rough and tumbles between a man and stronger woman in which Shaw (to me rather

incomprehensibly) delights, it is a mistake for the two young people when they are quarrelling to stand rigidly rubbing noses and shout into each others' faces. That is a stupid modern stage convention supposed to be the expression of intensity. As a matter of fact it destroys the illusion of reality.

I missed the prologue and epilogue in which Shaw ridiculed successfully contemporary dramatic critics who run down his plays. I suppose they were thought to date too much to interest an audience to-day. I think the management was wrong; they are amusing and pointful. *Fanny's First Play* was born of three elements: the suffragette movement (women were on the warpath throwing convention and respectability to the winds), Shaw's impulse to answer his critics, and his growing interest in the significance of religious conversions. I have one hint for Mr. Bird, who plays the delightful part of the aristocratic footman. There are moments when he should, while preserving, of course, a well-mannered aloofness, relax his professiona' rigidity. DESMOND MACCARTHY

PICTURES IN LONDON

GLYN PHILPOT has his place in the history of English painting, in the cruelly long chapter devoted to disappointments. His early work in an "Old Master" technique was packed with promise; delicate, accomplished, full of feeling. (Look at the paintings in the Leicester Galleries.) In due course he could be expected to use for his own purposes the discoveries in form hen being made in the Paris of President Loubet. But no; he chose instead to become the fashionable successor of Sargent. Was it a lack of sensibility or a lack of seriousness? A need of money for his family or a belief that the public knows best? In any case he became a commercial artist, incomparably more skilful than his rival academicians. And when he painted young men, the intensity of his response to heir vitality or pathos gave his pictures a genuineness that could be felt through the repulsive slickness of the texture. At the age of about 47 he decided to turn over a new leaf. He took a studio in Paris looked at blue Picassos, made essays in distortion and made his surface matt instead of shiny. His pictures became more "up to date," that is better suited to adorn rooms newly done up by interior decorations; but, for all his good intentions, they had no more virtue than before. Art is more rigorous than religion, it seems, for what instances are there of penitence in art resulting in good works? Looking at Philpot's early painting and some even of his later pencil sketches one is dismayed by the fate of his outstanding gift.

A t the Leicester Galleries are some paintings and water-colours by Mr. Rowland Suddaby. He paints in a tempestuous style in his water-colours using wet paper to loosen further the texture. He seems in danger of contrasting the romantic artist's habit of disorder, and it is doubtful whether the intensity of his work is in proportion to its vehemence. But it has often pleasing colour as well as an atmosphere of drama. The pictures of M. Ceri Richards at the Redfern Gallery avow a great debt to Picasso, and contain much sound and fury. Miss Lizzy Pisk's drawings in the next room are conspicuously accomplished. Both these artists are concerned to express the anguish and horror that now fill the world. One may doubt whether this is as wise as it is natural. The public is perhaps justified in wishing artists to display "*ordr et beauté, Luxe, calme et volupté*" even in a world that has temporarily forgotten these ideals. At any rate it is only the most powerful imaginative artists who can cope with the expression of current calamity. Despite Callot and Goya war imposes a climate deeply hostile to art.

The Civil Defence Artists are holding their twentieth exhibition: the most striking picture is Mr. David Dixon's *Cul-de-sac*. It is to be hoped that the amateurs encouraged to paint by the C.D.A. will after the war still have the chance to exhibit their work, for such a stimulus is necessary.

ROGER MARVELL

CENSORSHIP REGULATIONS allow readers to post this paper to any part of the British Empire (excepting Eire and Northern Ireland) and to any country of the American Continent (excepting dependencies of enemy-occupied countries) but readers are advised to consult a Post Office or a newsagent before attempting to post elsewhere.

THE MOVIES

"The Hitler Gang," at the Plaza

The Americans, so adept with a gangster, have tackled the Hitler legend. From shell-shocked corporal to Führer of the master race, through all the phases of paranoa, patriotism and thuggery, here he is. To say that this is a recognisable portrait would be gross understatement; Hollywood has succeeded in finding an actor, Robert Watson, who must be the most perfect of all Hitler doubles (the close-ups are remarkable) and who reproduces the gestures and poses of his original exactly. That eye-bulge can't be faked, and when we come to the glory of riding breeches the bulge behind is just right, too. Here he is, then, first clipping the moustache, dressed up in his best for Hindenburg, posing with flowers for a family photograph, inditing *Mein Kampf*, running from machine-guns, groping for inspiration, bellowing his discoveries to the world. Goebbels whispers in his ear, Himmler rustles files. Goering (a poor likeness) is the cad from higher circles. The only honest gangster among them is Gregor Strasser, who gets struck down in the purge. As a reconstruction of the early days of the movement, *The Hitler Gang* keeps close to the facts and achieves an atmosphere that is at least convincing. And yet this is a film that I cannot be as enthusiastic about as I should like. Something is lacking. One could put it vulgarly by saying that here is a gangster film that doesn't, after all, greatly excite; or, on higher grounds, those responsible for making it have shown themselves both too scrupulous and too little imaginative. We have all heard Hitler speak; well, the Hitler of the film is a tamer and saner man. We only guess at the insatiable glutton for power. In the rise from littleness he doesn't ascend nearly enough; and whatever view one may take of the forces that shape history—Tolstoy's or Carlyle's—there can be little question of Hitler's greatness. Even his magnetism—as he advances on the platform to evoke "Heils," like an operatic magician—has been missed. Perhaps I am carping too much at a film that is well-timed and, in its way, an excellent job. The contemporary-historical mood has obviously captured Hollywood and I hope their *Wilson*, already on the posters, will be as palatable. WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

NO OTHER POLES

A CRISIS is commonly critical
For a week, or a day, or an hour,
If simply and solely political
It ends with a transfer of power.
It may ease with a change of authority
Or respond to external controls,
A vote may assert the majority—
But not with the Poles.

The crisis of Poland is static,
It always remains at the peak,
It defies the approach diplomatic
Which works with the Finn and the Greek.
The Balkans may reach a solution
With rulers reshuffled in shoals,
They may patch up a new Constitution—
But never the Poles.

Some nations reveal schizophrenia,
Ex-Fascists from Fascists divide,
We hear of "the other Rumania"
"Good" Italy fights on our side.
There are "bad," there are "better" Bulgarians,
"Good" Finns may come out of their holes,
There's a choice between Reds and Agrarians
There are no "other" Poles.

The crisis is Poland's tradition,
Like Poland, Poles never give in,
Poles holding the London position
Are Polish as those in Lublin.
The Poles will not brook interference,
Diehards to the depths of their souls,
So their crisis has every appearance
Of lasting as long as the Poles.

SAGITTARIUS

Correspondence

NEWS OF AMERICA

Sir,—In view of the discussions on the importance of a free press being available for the public, possibly the views of one who has just returned after some years spent in U.S.A. may be of interest.

Landing on these shores, one feels like having entered into a great silence. At first the respite from the din of contending radio voices and shrieking headlines was very acceptable; the war news arrived in dignified communiqués and, in the excitement of the occupation of Paris, even the B.B.C. provided us with some thrills. But after a few weeks I begin to look for something more and I cannot find it. It may be impossible to give the public first-hand news from the Continent for military or—more likely—political reasons; but why should news from America be so short? In that country far-reaching issues are at this moment being settled. What does the British public know about them? The answer may be that the American public also is being kept in the dark, although it can be fairly said that constant pressure is being exerted with some success by the press and public to get the facts. What do we get here of general American news, of the temper of the people in this election year, an election full of importance for us as well as for them? What do we know of the great controversies convulsing the nation, of the racial question, of their attitude to the Pacific and Asia, of their opinions on our own problems in that area? The B.B.C.'s American Commentary on Friday evening is excellent; and by combing the daily and weekly press one may pick up a little American news; but how many people have the inclination or time for that? The paper shortage and difficulties under which press and public are labouring must prevent comments being offered lightly on a situation which is very largely the result of years of tension. But the doubt in one's mind cannot be over-stressed as to how the present position can be reconciled with the importance of understanding America which is admittedly of real necessity, especially since we are joined together in winning the peace as well as the war. The will of the vast majority of American people is set towards collaboration in that task; but in the immense problems of the future every ounce of good will, and more particularly insight on both sides of the Atlantic will count. We cannot afford to be ill-informed about the thoughts and deeds of those 135 million human beings, so different from us in their everyday life and yet so akin to us in their beliefs and aims.

Since English journalism can hold its own with American when it can function freely, it is to be hoped that public demand will be stimulated to re-enforce its traditional right. DOROTHY MOULTON MAYER

THE NATIONAL HEALTH SERVICE

SIR,—There are some aspects of the B.M.A. hostility to the Government's proposals for a National Medical Service which have received little attention in the public press, although some indication of them was given in the recent discussion between Mr. C. Dalton and Dr. C. Hill in the *Daily Herald*.

It must strike anyone experienced in political discussion that the B.M.A. is cheapening its case by the use of vague slogans and innuendos unaccompanied by any substantial evidence of their practical meaning or justification. "Freedom" and "democracy" are bandied about as though these important principles were really at stake in the Government's very timid approach to the organisation of medical resources for the public welfare, while the B.M.A.'s attacks on our local government service would give anyone unacquainted with it the impression that it was an undemocratic, incompetent conspiracy to deprive professional men of any liberty of action in the exercise of their vocation.

Although the B.M.A. has certainly never shown much signs of a leftward trend in politics, it has usually managed to keep some appearance of political independence, but the recent invitation to the *Daily Express* and the *Sunday Express* to advise in its Public Relations (i.e. propaganda) work suggests a new line of policy. This is rendered more significant by the curious similarity of its policy and the slogans in which

it is expressed with those of the recently combined societies of "individualists," who may be described as the Right wing of the Tory Party, extremely anxious for the removal of all "controls." The whole purpose of this propaganda seems to be to exploit the very natural desire of the general public for the cessation of many irksome restrictions which have been inevitable during the war and to obscure the very vital distinction between those controls which were only temporarily necessary for the war effort and those which are still necessary to restrain sectional and vested interests from victimising the community. The leaders of the B.M.A. are unwise to use catch-phrases which mix them up with this campaign and to employ methods which can only in the long run lower public respect for them.

The reactionary trend in the B.M.A. has reached a new low level in a leaflet issued by the Guildford Division, in which a travesty of the Government's proposals is being issued to the public with the obvious view of exciting prejudice against them. There are, of course, members of the B.M.A. who take strong exception to these tactics. The *British Medical Journal* of September 9th contained the protest of a member (who happens to be himself a divisional secretary). He describes the character of the document as "the worst form of political chicanery." The Guildford Division seems to have been active in similar propaganda previously, as this critic says that their latest effort "surpasses all the others for sheer dishonesty of thought and presentation." That this language is not too strong is obvious to any unprejudiced person who reads the leaflet.

It is time that those who believe in a really adequate and democratic National Health Service and were prepared to accept the Government's scheme as a limited beginning woke up to the realisation that there is a strong section of the B.M.A. whose political prejudice is so strong that it is unlikely to agree to any serious and publicly controlled health service which progressives will regard as an essential minimum. The dangers of trying to appease an irreconcilable opposition have been sufficiently indicated.

The Labour Movement in particular might well consider whether, if this stonewall reactionary attitude and unscrupulous misrepresentation are the response of the B.M.A. to the moderate reforms proposed by the Government, it might not be sound policy to demand a really adequate scheme: the reform of local government to give us autonomous units large enough to administer health and other services but not too big to lose touch with local interest; a full-time salaried service of doctors, dentists, nurses, etc., providing a complete service of general practice, consultants, hospital treatment, nursing and convalescent homes, properly integrated with the present public health service and infused with its positive conception of health, working through well equipped health centres and a co-ordinated hospital service, and open to all. This is better worth fighting for, if fight we must for such obvious public benefits, than the half-baked scheme of the Government. It is, of course, clear that this, like the County of London Plan and many other tasks of reconstruction, will take a period of years to complete, but why not define the aims and issues here and now and thus take the wind out of the sails of the sectional interests who seek to confuse the public about them? JOHN GERRARD

ARGENTINA AT THE CROSSROADS

SIR,—Mr. José Gomez did well to point out the psychological angle on Argentina. One could disagree slightly with one or two points that he makes and enlarge on others; nevertheless, the fact remains that his approach provides a key to dealing sensibly with this truly dangerous nerve-centre of Latin-American Fascism that will cause Great Britain and the United States many more headaches.

Mr. Gomez states that Argentina has made "but a small contribution to the world's culture or science." Yes, relatively small, but then Argentina has a small population for such a large country and is very young in years and experience. That is by no means to her discredit; on the contrary, it may save her a lot of trouble in unlearning many fixations that older countries have. The sensitive Argentino does not see this. He is too suspicious, and also annoyed with his own newness. Why?

Already Argentina has created an important literature (writers like Güiraldes, Lugones, Banchs, Borges, Sarmiento, etc., do not occur with great frequency in any country) and is precocious and progressive, to say the least, in the plastic arts and in medical science. And is there a newspaper, anywhere, that can compare with *La Prensa* of Buenos Aires for honesty?

But the good and progressive voices are neutralised by one of the most selfish, narrow-minded and treacherous cliques of landowners and self-appointed "aristocrats" in existence. It is truly a frightening clique. Mr. Gomez lays stress on their retrogressive influence. These are the people who completely degrade the religion of their country (Roman Catholicism) by using it in the same mean, hypocritical manner as did General Franco. In fact, there is no difference at all between the pious criminality of Franco and the heresy-hunting "aristocrats" of Argentina. They are like the Rasputins and Ringstroems, bringing darkness and shame to what is and what will one day be a very important country.

We are, in a way, a little responsible for this state of affairs. We have encouraged the spiritual nexus that Latin America has with the Old World, by tolerating the Franco regime in Spain and have aggravated the sense of inferiority (rather like that which exists in Japan) that many Argentinos have. Like most feelings of inferiority, the one that exists in Argentina is mainly built on fantasy.

I think that a good deal of reshuffling is necessary among the petty officials and many nationals of Great Britain and the United States who reside in Argentina. From my experience, many of them were poor representatives of their countries, did little or nothing to understand Argentina and only succeeded in rubbing salt into the wounds of the average Argentino's unhappy spiritual state of mind. I admit I am nonplussed about this "superior" attitude which exists in people who are guests in a foreign country. They seem to develop this "superiority" on touching the soil of a new or captive country.

Indeed the Germans were well received by the Argentinos, as Mr. Gomez suggests. In all fairness to the Argentinos, I should add that the Teutonic adventurers were more subtle than we were in taking the hand of "friendship." Although their aims were self-seeking and disruptive and the desire for "friendship" a mockery, their methods were at least not aggravating and insulting to the Argentinos.

We have many things to learn in post-war diplomacy and good relations, and humility and honest concern and interest in our neighbours are among them.

HUGO MANNING

LITHUANIA

SIR,—It is satisfactory to note that Mr. Bajorinas does not allege Soviet interference with the Baltic elections in 1940. The presence of Soviet garrisons in certain places for reasons which we know can hardly have intimidated the people, least of all the Lithuanians still rejoicing over the restoration of Vilna. Mr. Bajorinas mentions some unsatisfactory features in the elections, but attributes them to the action of local parties, and he does not say that the threats to "some members" of the Peoples' Parliament if they refused to vote for incorporation came from the Soviet Government. No one who considers the heroic endurance shown by the peoples of Yugoslavia, Greece and Poland in defence of their national existence can believe that the Baltic peoples could have been induced by such comparative trifles not only to vote against their wishes in secret ballots and public parliaments, but to do so with every appearance of unanimity and enthusiasm.

It seems incautious of Mr. Bajorinas to believe that M. Molotov could have told the Lithuanian Minister

ALBERONI

by SIMON HARCOURT-SMITH

"Simplifies for us a cross-section of history that would be enough, in its raw state, to make the brain reel . . . a succession of glittering, intimate, sometimes domestic, sometimes scandalous, scenes . . . Its blend of bold thinking and virtuosity should commend it to the intelligent reader . . . produced and illustrated with a sumptuousness as pleasing, these days, as it is rare."—ELIZABETH BOWEN, *Tatler & Bystander*.

"One of history's more fantastic characters; a gardener's son who became first Minister of Spain, raised Spain from decadence . . . Re-creates the French Court in the last days of Louis XIV. and the Spanish Court in the first days of the Bourbon kings . . . a book which is in every way mighty well done, a pleasure to read and to ponder over."—*Manch. Guardian*.

15 *illustrations.*

Second Printing 15*s.*

Jacket by Rex Whistler

FABER

A Critical History of English Poetry

H. J. C. GRIERSON *and* J. C. SMITH

A survey covering 1,200 years of English poetry, which is written for ordinary poetry lovers as well as scholars. It is a book to own, dip into and browse over *Ready October*

21s. net

CHATTO & WINDUS

☆

a new novelist!

The Heart Consumed

by

FRANCIS ASKHAM

8s 6d net

THE BODLEY HEAD

Kenneth Walker

MEANING AND PURPOSE

Science now exercises the most important formative influence on the intellectual life of the Western world and has to a great extent taken the place formerly occupied by religion. The author of *Diagnosis of Man* and *The Circle of Life* examines the scientific theories of the last hundred years which have affected most strongly popular thought, and he shows how frequently these theories have been misinterpreted by lay minds. His final conclusion is that it is impossible for men to live by science alone and that it is essential to their welfare that they should be possessed of some form of idealist philosophy or religious faith. [7*s* 6*d* net]

JONATHAN CAPE

before the elections that the Soviet leaders had decided to incorporate the Baltic States in the U.S.S.R. Has an agreed summary of this conversation been published?

"One of the London papers announced the official results (95.51 per cent.) twenty-four hours before the polls were closed." Mr. Bajorinas is doubtless aware that a story of this kind needs the support of precise particulars. If he tries to verify it he will probably discover only how rash he has been in believing it.

41 Brookland Rise, J. J. MURPHY
Golders Green.

THE MUSICIANS' PUBLIC

SIR,—Strong protests against the shortage of books are continually being made, but what about music and musical instruments? At this moment, when the desire for and interest in good music have reached dimensions hitherto undreamt of in Great Britain, musicians and educationists are faced not only with a grave shortage of printed music, and paper on which to print it, but with a complete dearth of instruments of all kinds. After learning to listen, the second stage in musical appreciation is wanting to make music with one's own hands and mouth. This desirable stage, ably assisted by the B.B.C.'s talks, has now been reached. Yet no musical instruments are allowed to be made. Given a supply of instruments, I could to-morrow start brass and string orchestras of newcomers and beginners in at least six different localities—counting boys' clubs as one. There is nothing for them to play on, so I have not tried to go farther afield. The pistol is cocked, but there is no ammunition. Many fine plans for the future of music in Great Britain are daily under discussion. They one and all depend upon the release of printed music, instruments and accessories. It is not industry but the art of music that is being stoppered. The demand comes both from the members of the forces and civilians, from children, adolescents and adult-beginners equally. I plead through your columns for:

1. A lifting (if only partial) by the Government of the ban on manufacture of musical instruments.
2. An increase in the paper ration allotted to sheet music.
3. An early release of men and women from the services who are trained instrument-makers.

Finally, I would add that there are many specialised trades connected with the music industries, like radio-servicing, library and catalogue work, piano-tuning, etc., which are very well adapted to those partially disabled through war service. My society would gladly prepare a scheme for the education of suitable applicants, whether in the active forces or in hospital, to fit them for civilian jobs in connection with music.

HUBERT J. FOSS
Society for the Encouragement of Music in Education. Director.
5 Queen Anne's Gate, S.W.1.

HOUSING

SIR,—Your article "Housing the Nation" commences with the assertion that "widespread among the homeless is a cynical assumption that the housing fiasco of 1915 will be repeated."

As an individual employed in the building industry and also seeking a house, it would appear that cynicism is the inevitable state of mind for anyone to whom housing is a matter of personal importance and not just an opportunity for profit, reports or exhibitions; the first stage in the repetition of the post last-war housing history is already taking place. I refer to the prices now being asked for available property. A commendable anxiety has been shown by the Government to ensure that elastic should not be sold at excessive prices, particularly when it was seen that this anti-social act was being committed by street vendors to the injury in particular of the larger and more honourable establishments, but no attempt is made to prevent anything from 50 per cent. to 60 per cent. above 1939 prices being asked for domestic property, the only alternative to cynicism or worse is the charitable assumption that the representatives of democracy honestly believe that elastic is more fundamental to society than housing, it may well be, of course, that this is so in the particular society some of them inhabit.

I should like to mention a fourth boy in your allegory; he sat on the edge of the field calculating the effort needed to reach the gate, planning the route to be taken and writing comprehensive reports on the various possible methods of progress. When I last heard of him he had raised the problem to one of metaphysics, and proved conclusively to me that neither the field, gate or the other three boys had any existence outside his own plans and polemics. I may add that he owned the field and was responsible for the "Trespassers will be Prosecuted" notice that was securely fixed to the fence on which he sat.

188 Greenways, G. T. BROWN
Hinchley Wood, Surrey.

REASON AND EXPERIENCE

SIR,—In his review of Bernard Shaw's latest book in your last issue, Mr. Leonard Woolf says, "It is only by talking bleak, bare sense and converting the world to it that you can make the world sensible." If this were true, if the world could be made sensible by talking sense to it, men, who have been preached to for so many thousand years, would have been perfect long ago. The work of churches and philosophers would have been done long since.

Unfortunately the exact contrary is true. The whole teaching of history is that men in the bulk cannot be converted through their reason, but only through their feelings. So they learn false faiths but real progress they only make by experience which is generally painful. This is the meaning of being conditioned by their environment, they learn slowly, by their mistakes and sufferings, not by their reason.

Material progress, it is true, is made by discovery and invention, and scientists can communicate with each other through their reason, but the generality of men can only learn by experience. This is why social progress lags so far behind material gains. Advances are made in jerks, when they are long overdue, generally by war or revolution, in which the sufferings far exceed the gains, but still there are some gains.

The last war put shoes and stockings on the slum children's feet, but did not remove the slums. And it put silk stockings on the girls' legs, and gave them the vote, but did not give them the brains to use it. Far greater gains might have been made through the last war, but were lost through lack of leadership after the war.

What we shall gain by this war remains to be seen, but in Britain, as our suffering has been much less, probably we shall gain less than last time. Our casualties are only a quarter of those of the last war, and except for air raids, which are very local, most people have been better off during the war. On the Continent, on the other hand, the peoples have suffered very severely and must have learned much. Probably they will make great gains, and we may be able to cash in on these if we ever have any progressive leadership. In the States they have hardly suffered at all and have probably learned nothing.

Occasionally, at long intervals, an exceptional man, a Jesus or a Lenin, may take the world forward in a large bound, but it is done, not by precept, but by practice and example, by deeds and not words. So perhaps, after all Bernard Shaw is right in his method of trying to teach people by their feelings rather than their reason.

WRAM.

[Leonard Woolf writes: "I did not say that people had been converted by talking sense, but that they will not be sensible until they are. They are not sensible just because they have not been."—Ed. *N.S. & N.*]

Japan's Political Warfare

PETER DE MENDELSSOHN

The first comprehensive study of the vast machinery for political warfare which the Japanese have built up at home and in Occupied Asia. It is in every respect the equal of, and in many superior to, the Goebbels machine in Europe. The book contains a detailed analysis of all branches of Japanese political, cultural and religious propaganda. It analyses the main groups of ever-recurrent propaganda slogans with which the Japanese try to justify their aggression and prove their title to re-organise not only "Greater East Asia" but the entire world, and devotes special attention to the all-important question of Japanese religious penetration. 10s. 6d. *net*

George Allen & Unwin Ltd

The Cuckoo

And Other Bird Mysteries

BERNARD ACWORTH

"A work in the true tradition of genial English crankiness which would have appealed to Sir Thomas Browne or the author of 'The Anatomy of Melancholy'." *Peter Quennell.*

Just Published 10s. 6d. *net*

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

LANDSCAPE VERSE

Chosen by
JOHN BETJEMAN and GEOFFREY TAYLOR
With 16 original lithographs by
JOHN PIPER

The first in a series of new and unusual anthologies entitled *New Excursions into English Poetry.*

"It is a joy in these days to read such a beautifully produced book."—A. A. Milne, in the *Sunday Times.* 10s. 6d. *net*

Ready Shortly

MARSHAL TITO

MICHAEL PADEV

Mr. Padev knows the Balkans very well, and in this book he writes not only of the life of Marshal Tito but also gives an account of the political background.

Illustrated 5s. *net*

FREDERICK MULLER LTD.

Verse

Eiluned Lewis
MORNING SONGS
"Simple, direct verses, some of which fall as naturally as the lyrics of Wordsworth." —*The Western Mail.* 4s.

John Buxton
SUCH LIBERTY
"The reader will at once perceive that he is about to read a poet who seeks, as a craftsman, first for simple expressions." — Desmond MacCarthy, *Sunday Times.* 4s.

D. Page
THE MARTYR
"We have echoes of Herrick and Browning . . . His impact upon the spirit is as fresh and vital as theirs."—*The Belfast News-Letter.* 4s.

Macmillan
& Co., Ltd.

BOOKS IN GENERAL

And so goodbye to the war. I know not how it may have been or may be to others—to me the main interest I found (and still in recollection find) in the rank and file of the armies, both sides, and in those specimens amid the hospitals and even the dead on the field.

This passage comes from *Specimen Days*, rom those pages in which Whitman described is work in the hospitals during the American ivil War. The interest of Whitman's pages bout the American Civil War lies in the fact that e is the first to reveal the modern attitude. He ands at the breaking point with the past.

Whitman was the first poet to see modern war, ecause the American Civil War was the first odern war. It is true that the Crimean War, me eight years earlier, shares certain resemlances with the American conflict. There is, r example, the awakening of public concern r the care of casualties, a concern which had own with medical knowledge. But the Crimean ar was fought in a small area. It was fought professional soldiers—the British commander-chief directed operations from his private acht to which he returned to dine and sleep every ight—and the casualties, though heavy, were ss than half of those suffered in America, here a million men died in the field, the hositals and the prison camps. The Civil War volved everyone, the armies became conript armies almost at once. The professional oldiers were put to the task of training the man the street. Similar conditions, it will be id, existed in the Napoleonic wars—for apoleon was the first to use conscription on a eat scale. But the Napoleonic army was the rande Armée. The conscript was transformed the professional and national notions of lory and the impulse of the Revolution. He as, in a sense, a party man and not a citizen military dress. And then, when we read the emoirs of those wars, in English or in French, e notice that they are the work of men bent the military career. They have the prossional officer's outlook. Gleig—a subaltern Wellington's—who wrote an account of his dventures in the Peninsula, is typical of them. ne can imagine Gleig reborn in the Sixties nd exclaiming at the moral deterioration his profession, once it is overweighted by ery Tom, Dick and Harry. There is a loss style and manner, both in action and in the rratives written afterwards. The precise rrors of war are sometimes mentioned in the assical records but, generally, rhetorical clichés e preferred: carnage, slaughter and so on.

If Gleig were to return and read Whitman's otes on his work in the hospitals, he would st be struck by the importance given to the asualties and the hospitals; and then by the nprotected nakedness of human feeling. The assical manner was not inhumane; but it put ilitary dignity and professional virtue first. was the manner of leaders. War, the most wless of activities, was given a frame of deorum; you might not always fight by the code honour, but there was a code of honour and, ove all, you spoke and wrote in accord with it. he British troops sacked San Sebastian and red at the officers who tried to stop them; t Gleig in *The Subaltern* speaks in the voice a gentleman when he describes and deplores e event. There is no suggestion that war a human tragedy. This suggestion is not ade until the civilian fights. He cannot shrug s shoulders and say "C'est la guerre." He is unned by his own fears, stupefied by his own rocities, amazed at his happiness, incredulous the point of death. When all the people are war, no code, no manner, can contain the perience. The nearest writers to Whitman e Tolstoy and Erckmann-Chatrian—it is interting to note that they were all writing about ar at the same time—but Tolstoy's ironical cifism and Erckmann-Chatrian's mildness and ceptableness are a branch of the main stream of popular feeling. They are not, like Whitman, the stream itself. The *Histoire d'un Conscrit de 1813* was written in 1864. It has been called *l'Iliade de la peur* and it portrays the pathos of the conscript's situation. The tragedy of the conscript is a passive one: that a quiet peaceable man like himself should be killed. But in Whitman—as in Wilfred Owen—the tragedy is not passive; it lies not only in what is done to a man but in what he does and what happens to him inside. When we compare with that the sentiment of Erckmann and Chatrian we see that these authors are propagandists; concerned with society. The freshness of their document is deceptive. They describe Napoleonic wars with wonderful verisimilitude; but the wars are not taken direct from life. These writers have digested the moving simplicities of old men's hearsay. They are propagandists with an uncommonly delicate ear. They write to warn opinion in the fond domestic parlour behind the little shop.

Compared with them, Whitman does not know his mind. He is all over the place. He is the public. It is typical of *Specimen Days* that its first picture of the war is of the news spreading in the streets at night. The emotion of the street catches him. He is not intoxicated with patriotism but he does not deny the message of the pennants and the flags in the street. He is the man in the parlour who goes out into the street and loses his head. He feels the herd instinct. Two great wars have made us guarded, and when we read *Specimen Days*, and especially the poems called *Drum Taps*, we resist that old-fashioned war. The sun has faded the defiant and theatrical photograph, and paled the headlines to a weak-tea-brown. The uniforms are shabby. We suspect Whitman's idea that out of this a nation is born; it sounds like the cracked bugle and slack drum of propaganda. And yesterday's propaganda puts no one in a flurry. Yet, in all this, the loquacious Whitman is right. It is the bewildering thing in all his work, that this dressed-up egotist with all the air of a ham actor is always half right when he is most dubious. He is the newspaper man who reflects the dubious quality of public feeling. His virtue is that he begins on the pavement and that, like the streets, he has no shame, and he has no style. Excitement and incantation take the place of it. The soldiers straggle into Washington after the defeat at Bull Run:

> The men appear, at first sparsely and shame-faced enough, then thicker, in the streets of Washington—appear in Pennsylvania avenue, and on the steps and basement entrances. They come along, in disorderly mobs, some in squads, stragglers, companies. Occasionally, a rare regiment, in perfect order, with its officers (some gaps, dead, the true braves), marching in silence, with lowering faces, stern, weary to sinking, all black and dirty, but every man with his musket, and stepping alive; but these are the exceptions. Side-walks of Pennsylvania avenue, Fourteenth street, etc., crowded, jamm'd with citizens, darkies, clerks, everybody, lookers-on; women in the windows, curious expressions from faces, as those swarms of dirt-cover'd return'd soldiers there (will they never end?) move by; but nothing said, no comments. . . . Amid the deep excitement, crowds and motion, and desperate eagerness, it seems strange to see many, very many, of the soldiers sleeping—in the midst of all, sleeping sound. They drop down anywhere, on the steps of houses, up close by the basements or fences, on the sidewalks, aside on some vacant lot, and deeply sleep. A poor seventeen or eighteen year old boy lies there, on the stoop of a grand house; he sleeps so calmly, so profoundly. Some clutch their muskets firmly even in sleep. Some in squads; comrades, brothers, close together—and on them, as they lay, sulkily, drips the rain.

All that effort to produce that last remarkable phrase—that is Whitman.

After this the reality begins. And the reality as the first modern war drags on, is the casualty list. In the classical narratives men are merely shot. Sometimes they are blown up. The aftermath was not minutely described. "Bloodshed," "carnage," generalise it. Whitman, too, uses those words but with all his voice. But he went round the hospitals and saw the gangrene, the amputations, the unspeakable wounds. He smelt the ether. Saw the tiptoe walking. The screens put round. He saw the stretcher cases lying out in the rain and glad to be cooled by it. He knew men crawled under bushes to die by inches. He took down the last words and wrote letters for men too weak to write. The men were not sorry for themselves. They talked very little. They had become detached and incredulous. Thousands, he knew, died and were never identified. It struck him, when he saw the burial trenches, that the typical soldier of this first modern war was unknown.

That discovery marks the beginning of the modern attitude to war. We write as followers, not leaders. And though Whitman likes the heroic act, the message in the leader's eye, enjoys seeing the President ride past with his escort of cavalry and feels the public emotion of the "great convulsive drums," he writes more surely when he goes back to the rank and file, when he recovers his sense of anonymity. (Odd that this huge and often so placid egotist should be able to puff himself large enough until he is identified with all the people and lost in them: it is his paradox.) It is his paradox, too, that doggerel and the real thing trapes along together like the blind leading the blind, unable to see, unable to stop. In avoiding literary jargon, he easily wallowed in the tear-jerking stuff of small town In Memoriam notices—to emerge from the bathos with perhaps one line or two worth writing:

> "Grieve not so, dear mother" (the just-grown daughter speaks through her sobs,
> The little sisters huddle around speechless and dismay'd)
> "See, dearest mother, the letter says Pete will soon be better."
>
> Alas poor boy, he will never be better (nor may-be needs to be better that brave and simple soul),
> While they stand at home at the door he is dead already,
> The only son is dead.
>
> But the mother needs to be better,
> She with thin form presently drest in black,
> By day her meals untouch'd, then at night fitfully sleeping, often waking,
>
> In the midnight waking, weeping, longing with one deep longing,
> O that she might withdraw unnoticed, silent from life escape and withdraw,
> To follow, to seek, to be with her dear dead son.

Blake could be simple, but he was never maudlin.

And there are the curious parallels with the poetry of the last war, the same mixing of the romantic note with the realism. We turn from Wilfred Owen's

> I am the enemy you killed, my friend,
> I knew you in this death.

to Whitman's

> Word over all, beautiful as the sky,
> Beautiful that war and all its deeds of carnage must in time be utterly lost,
> That the hands of the sisters Death and Night incessantly softly wash again, and ever again, this soil'd world;
> For my enemy is dead, a man divine as myself is dead,
> I look where he lies white-faced and still in the coffin—I draw near,
> Bend down and touch lightly with my lips the white face in the coffin.

Well, there it is. The set piece has gone, the full-bottomed formal patriotism of the 18th century, the episodic poetry of the early 19th. The sense of occasion has gone. There are no more incidents from the French camp, there is no loss of the Revenge, no Charge of the Light Brigade, No Burial of Sir John Moore. The serving soldier has been outnumbered and swamped by the civilian soldier. The profession has been drowned in the causes. Nor can we attribute the change to a decay of the love of country—as some critics tried to do at the beginning of this war—for Whitman was a tremendous patriot, yet he wrote no pieces

of occasion of that kind. *Drum Taps* describe the general scene, what the unknown and anonymous man did and saw and how filthily he died. Patriotism has not decayed; but the human being has emerged. He emerged first of all, it is interesting to observe, in a civil war, a war of ideas; and in the country which, to so many people, had seemed the Promised Land, where no formal tradition of war existed. Whitman himself observed, in his confused groping way, that a new way of warfare was necessary to America. A new way of writing about war certainly emerged; perhaps that is what he was trying to say.

V. S. PRITCHETT

TWO NOVELS

The Ballad and the Source. By ROSAMOND LEHMANN. *Collins.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

All Glorious Within. By BRUCE MARSHALL. *Constable.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Malignant to all artists, war is peculiarly destructive to the novelist, because he is the most closely concerned with what war most conspicuously dilapidates, our daily thoughts and feelings. (It is not an accident that the outstanding achievements in the last years have been in music, the most abstract of the arts, the least contingent upon ephemeral events.) Is the novelist to write about life in wartime? This is too close to be seen in perspective, and at best he will hardly rise above good reporting. About life before the war? That is too remote, and the characters are likely to seem trivial in their gesticulations and distresses, as if viewed through the wrong end of opera-glasses. "Seem," I say, because the fault is in our own vision. Five years have falsified our values and blunted our sensibilities, much more grossly than we realise. We have come to take war and its claims for granted—it is peace and the pursuit of happiness that now appear abnormal. That young men should have to use the furthest resources of their courage in tearing other young men to pieces, in setting fire to women and children, no longer appals or even disconcerts us. With the wings of death nightly brushing our brittle bodies, we have been obliged to attain a stoicism that involves callousness. When the bomb passes over us to mutilate or inter our neighbour, who does not feel an ignoble gratitude? Not until the tranquillity comes in which to recollect such emotions will they be material for the novelist. For the present our need to survive imposes upon us a false perspective. Nor, I think, can the pacificist, however immune from our callousness, escape easily an alternative distortion, since his just loathing for hatred and for its expression in physical violence usually averts his eyes from the no less hideous results of spiritual violence, the darkness that even in peace the Germans inflicted upon their own children, and that in war they have hoped to inflict upon the whole earth.

The novelist is conscious of his predicament. Mr. Evelyn Waugh publishes his finest novel unfinished, because the world it describes (he explains) has vanished for ever. Mr. Graham Greene takes refuge in Mexico or extravaganza. Miss Compton-Burnett, fortunate in possessing already the habit of uncontingent fiction, has been able to persist in her own imaginative world, but Miss Elizabeth Bowen and Mr. Pritchett have deserted the novel for criticism; and Miss Lehmann has given us only a couple of short stories that are elaborations of childhood memories.

Now at last she publishes a novel, the title of which I find a little mysterious. It begins, like the two stories, with herself in her family as a child. She went to tea in a beautiful house with an old lady whom her mother regarded with uneasy disapproval. Then memory appears to heel under an overwhelming gust of invention. Henceforth the book alternates between the calm of life remembered and the gale of life imagined. For gradually a vast history of passion and wickedness and madness is confided to the child, who listens inquisitive and enraptured, as if to *Cinderella* or *Sinbad*, piecing together the various recollections that she hears. The action is thus shown at a double remove: the narrator (called Rebecca but hardly distinguishable from Miss Lehmann herself) recounts with adult comments the events described to her in childhood. The disadvantage of the method is the demand it makes upon the reader's acquiescence. A woman tells a child of ten how she sent a discarded lover to seduce her seventeen-year-old daughter! This we can just accept, because the woman, Mrs. Jardine, is so exuberant a villainess, a Circe from a Victorian thriller, a part calling for Mrs. Patrick Campbell. We can accept also the indiscretions of the old family servant who takes up the scarifying tale. But at one point Miss Lehmann's persistent adroitness deserts her. The child's mother reads to her a letter describing another child dying of meningitis, and the likelihood that she was born mad: "It was always curious and unpredictable what areas of experience my mother would see fit to uncover to us, naked, and what conceal." Too curious by half, we grossly exclaim; such a mother might exist, but our supply of credulity has already been exhausted. This attempted explanation, I suggest, only calls attention to the improbability of the scene. And on another occasion a confidence is interrupted by the phrase: "God knows why I am telling you all this!" Except at such moments, when the author insists on tugging us down to common probabilities, I find no difficulty in that suspension of disbelief which author and reader must conspire to maintain. And I think that there are great advantages in a method that does not imply the author's omniscience and that focuses events in a single consciousness.

That the narrator derives the story from four of the participants gives to the characters a roundness they would not otherwise possess: each is seen like a statue photographed from four aspects, some indeed from five, since the narrator also has a view. Technically, therefore, the novel is of the highest interest. But the general reader will not notice this, so gripping are the plot and the characterisation. Where most contemporary novelists are either too diminished by sophistication to plunge into drama or else too ingenuous to bother with fineness of handling, Miss Lehmann has used all her consummate skill on a story as wild as *Jane Eyre* (or its comic descendant, *Rebecca*). Faithless wives try to kidnap the babes they have deserted, or go mad in studios and hurl themselves into rivers. Lawks, what a film Hollywood will beget upon this book! And while nicer critics may disapprove, I must applaud the gusto with which the author has resumed a main tradition of the 19th century English novel. That the pictures of Edwardian childhood enchant goes without saying: we all know Miss Lehmann's gift for the elegiac evocation of a countryside as it occupies the senses and imagination of the young. Her accomplishment, moreover, in characterising by the plausible turn of phrase is in the best sense professional. Her ear is no less exact than her eye. But it is the contempt for all modern inhibitions that I specially admire, the high-flying at every fence, the luxuriance of incident, and, above all, the impetus with which she models the over life-size figure of Mrs. Jardine, so splendid as she appears to herself, so infamous as she is to others, absolute in self-justification, enveloping all around her in calamity. In this novel the gifts of Alain-Fournier and Miss Braddon are strangely intermingled. It is as if the war had driven the novelist back into the fervid world of a child's imagination; and how thankful one is to escape with her from the dingy interiors and cabbage-water smells now fashionable into *châteaux* and lime avenues where beautiful creatures in bright velvets parade their exorbitant personalities. I cannot doubt that this is Miss Lehmann's best and most permanent book.

The other novel I want to recommend is by the author of *Father Malachy's Miracle*, a book that has never won all the reputation it deserves, perhaps because it has not until now found an entirely worthy successor. Mr. Bruce Marshall escapes from the dilemma of the wartime novelist by holding to the Catholic view that temporal events are significant only by their effects in eternity. (Better that the whole of humanity should die in slow torture, hanging on meat-hooks, than that one child should tell one trivial lie.) Mr. Marshall is remote indeed from the prevalent tone of English Catholic writers in recent years. Partly in obedience to their own temperaments, partly in opposition to the dourness of Protestantism, they have used uncommon gifts to represent the Church as not only august but jolly. The odour of sanctity in their books has been oddly mixed with the smell of wine and even of beer. "But it's so much more *fun* being a Catholic" has been a theme commonly underlying their propaganda. How remote is such rollicking from the disgust with natural man that has inspired the best Catholic writers in France, from Léon Bloy to Bernanos and Mauriac. Jansenism, it might be argued, remains congenial to French seriousness, whereas we incline to the *chemin de velours* of the Jesuits. But I think that this Yo-ho-and-a-bottle-of-Volnay Catholicism would have surprised Hopkins no less than Newman and Manning. It seems to be as specifically modern as it is specifically English, a sign of our insular distaste for the uncompromising. In Mr. Graham Greene we see a violent reaction from it, and Mr. Bruce Marshall similarly upholds the Continental tradition. The fervour of his faith makes him critical not only of the vulgarity commonly called civilisation but of the conventionality in his fellow-religionists and even in the hierarchy. His new book is the chronicle of some forty years in the life of a parish priest in Scotland, beginning with the arrival of a French convent as refugees from the persecutions of M. Combes, and ending with an incendiary bomb falling behind the high altar. Father Smith's penitents and fellow ecclesiastics are the main characters, and the unfamiliarity of the setting greatly increases the interest of the book. (We learn, for instance, that a man just before he is hanged cannot receive Extreme Unction because he is not in "technical danger of death.") The novel may be taken to represent in a man with no obviously outstanding gifts the author's ideal of everyday priesthood, and the reader will accept Father Smith as no less heroic than likeable. A quotation from a speech made by him at a chapter-meeting will suggest the particular current within the orthodox stream that this novel represents:—

> One of the reasons that the world is not convinced is, I think, that men believe that the Church, which they confuse with churchmen, teaches a short-range rather than a long-range morality. They hear the adulterer, the thief and the murderer condemned from our pulpits, but not the employer of sweated labour, not the shareholder in armament factories, not the men who make their money out of films about gangsters, not politicians who compromise with the perpetrators of cruelty in far-away lands. . . . We must be pure, yes, because fornicators shall not clearly see God. We must be humble, too, because our virtue is so frail. But above all, we must be brave and cry aloud to men to practise virtues that are more unpopular than purity and humility. . . . We must make them understand that modern advertising is a sin against God as well as against good taste because it seduces the senses from an appreciation of Him and teaches men to love that which is shoddy and vulgar and temporal. . . .

It becomes apparent also that the author is a Catholic with no undue admiration for Franco, and again we are reminded of Mauriac and Bernanos, who had the courage to protest during the Spanish War against idolising Franco as a Christian hero. The French Catholics who thus made themselves unpopular with their fellows have since been equally conspicuous for their vehemence in rejecting collaboration with the Germans. And, like them, Mr. Bruce Marshall presents Catholicism in a shape which for all its severity is incomparably more persuasive than the paradoxical boisterousness to which we are too usually treated. Despite his humour he is appalled by the triviality of men: Christ died for

hem, and they think only of golf or Syrup of igs or Betty Grable. *All Glorious Within* is imensely superior to most novels not only in the istinction of its style but in the seriousness of its heme. Though it is ignorant to imply, as is the abit of some controversialists, that infidels have o solid standards of right and wrong, the Catholic ovelist does, I suggest, enjoy a signal advantage his conviction that every human act may be of ternal importance.

In conclusion, I think it right to note that, at time when some publishers seem to think that he acute demand for books makes care in production superfluous, both these novels are excellently rinted on tolerable paper. The jacket of Mr. Marshall's book is unlucky in colour and typoraphy; the other is a pleasure to the eye.

RAYMOND MORTIMER.

A GREAT SHAKESPEAREAN

Shakespearean Gleanings. By Sir E. K. CHAMBERS. *Oxford University Press.* 10s.

Sir E. K. Chambers' new collection of studies ill be welcomed, for they have about them that bber, informed manner which characterises ir Edmund's writings. They take us back into world of scholarship that is too often wanting in odern Shakespearean criticism, and everywhere e feels that the author moves with the sureness a master.

While little in the volume is new (and that not the first importance), and while some of the says have inevitably "dated," it is still a pleasure reread such well-known studies as that on The Disintegration of Shakespeare" (1924) "The Unrest in Shakespearean Studies" 927). They are admirable examples of Sir dmund's methods. The first was given as a cture before the Bristol Academy, and came at a oment when the tearing to pieces of the seamless sture of Shakespeare's text was all the vogue. he late J. M. Robertson was then in process of viding up the plays among a number of Shakeeare's contemporaries; and his confidence, and miliarity with the apparatus of Shakespearean xtual criticism, deceived many into a belief at there was something in his views. Sir dmund carefully examined all this structure d showed how flimsy it all was. After his exsure there was no more to be said, and disingration on these lines ceased to be a living issue. When he turned to Professor Dover Wilson's w theories as expressed in the seven volumes en published of *The New Cambridge Shakespeare* he readily conceded that he was up against an antagonist of a very different calibre, and conceded that "the methods of critical bibliography were a notable addition to the equipment of scholarship." His discussion of Dr. Dover Wilson's theory of the nature and treatment of the theatrical manuscript of any of Shakespeare's plays was really exciting. He brought all his knowledge to bear on the many intricate problems involved, and gave cogent reasons for differing from Dr. Dover Wilson, and for believing that the revision of Shakespeare's text was not so great as was suggested. This essay is a landmark in modern Shakespearean criticism.

Among the many matters which would furnish material for discussion, none is more important than Sir Edmund's contention that "Shakespeare's pen flowed freely; and the actors had to reduce him within time limits, at a sacrifice sometimes of dramatic values and often of excellent poetry." He is probably right, although how such a state of affairs came about is difficult to see.

Certainly plays such as *Hamlet* with its 3,762 lines could never have been crammed within "the two hours' traffic of our stage"—even if we assume that in fact the playing time of the average Elizabethan play was about two hours and a half. Did Shakespeare "write himself out," and then agree to the necessary cuts in the theatre? We cannot believe that he wrote for publication, as Jonson did. Indeed all the evidence points the other way. Not only did he allow certain of his plays to be published in his life-time in an imperfect condition, as if he had no interest in their printed form, but he knew that his living and his reputation depended upon the successful performance of his plays. And these plays, for the most part, were written for public performance, so that it was necessary to cut these overblown texts, even if it meant a sacrifice such as Sir Edmund mentions.

I believe that Shakespeare was willing (or at least resigned) to make such cuts as theatrical exigencies demanded, and therefore that Dr. Granville-Barker is right when he declares that we must regard the plays as material for stage representation rather than as literature to be read by the fireside.

H. S. BENNETT

A GERMAN SOCIOLOGIST

Max Weber and German Politics. By J. P. MAYER. *Faber.* 8s. 6d.

Max Weber is known in England mainly by his *Protestant Ethic* and, to a lesser extent, by the posthumous collection of the lectures he gave at Munich in 1919, published here as a *General Economic History*. So far, none of his other works has been available except to the German reader. Mr. Mayer's book, part biography, part commentary, is a welcome and illuminating introduction to Weber, who, whatever his shortcomings, is undoubtedly one of the great pioneers of modern sociology. It is not, however, intended to be a comprehensive study. Weber's legal sociology is deliberately excluded, and reference to his historical, economic and philosophical theories confined to their impact on his role in German politics. Mr. Mayer's aim is to use his essay to present a picture of some of the main tendencies in German society, for,

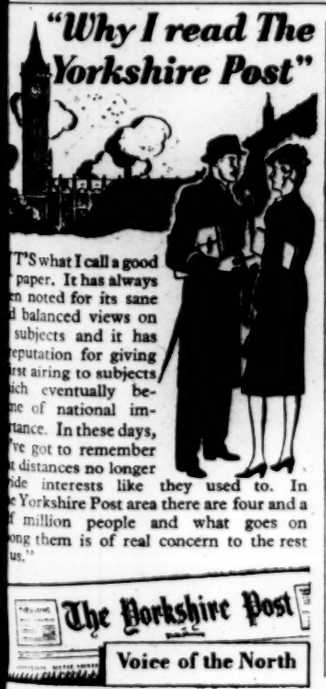
> after Bismarck no other German reflects more fully than Weber the political life of his country . . . . to define historical structures through the medium of a great personality is within certain limits feasible.

The bourgeois Weber can be selected as a mirror of the development of Germany,

> not because he was a typical bourgeois, but because his analytic and reflective powers were such that in him one could focus the complicated and diversified threads which form the "German problem."

This method, as Mr. Mayer is well aware, is a hazardous business. It means that the criterion by which the book must be judged becomes its success in presenting Weber as a symbol rather than as a person or a thinker. I am not sure whether the symbolism is adequate; but as a biographical sketch of Weber the sociologist the book is admirable.

Mr. Mayer's argument throughout is careful and balanced by continual reference to the details of Weber's family and professional life. Born in Berlin three years before the Austro-Prussian war, Weber must have found a congenial atmosphere for his precocious mind in a home where Treitschke, Mommsen and Sybel were regular visitors, and where, since his father was a prominent National-Liberal politician, he must have heard many discussions of German politics in general and of Bismarck in particular. Without any doubt, these left a permanent mark on his thought. Mr. Mayer distinguishes some tendencies which must have had their origin in those childhood days and which recur throughout Weber's career. The tragedy of German Liberalism, born too late in history to be successful, was that it was never able to offer a real alternative to German *Realpolitik*; certainly from Bismarck onwards politics in Germany became increasingly


"Why I read The Yorkshire Post"
T'S what I call a good paper. It has always en noted for its sane d balanced views on subjects and it has eputation for giving rst airing to subjects ich eventually be- ne of national im- tance. In these days, 've got to remember t distances no longer ide interests like they used to. In e Yorkshire Post area there are four and a f million people and what goes on ong them is of real concern to the rest us."
The Yorkshire Post
Voice of the North

SECKER AND WARBURG

The short novel form is coming into its own again. Harry Brown's remarkable *A Walk in the Sun* will be ready at the end of October. We have already issued, and it is reprinting

JOHN PREBBLE'S
WHERE THE SEA BREAKS

A short novel by a new writer which is being acclaimed

R. A. SCOTT-JAMES:—"A very notable piece of imaginative prose . . . extraordinary skill in description, narrative, and dialogue." *Britain Today.*

EDWIN MUIR:—"A story which tells something worth telling about the war and life in general and the nature of things." *Listener.*

GERALD BULLETT:—"Its beauty is that it succeeds in being an absorbingly dramatic story and a remarkable short novel." *Reynolds News.*

6s. *net*

WHY RUMANIA FAILED
By PAVEL PAVEL
(Foreword by Wickham Steed)
An eminent Rumanian politician discusses the secret reasons which brought Rumania into the Axis camp. *Cloth* 8/6
"One of the most informative and interesting books on Rumania."—*Public Opinion.*

RESHAPING GERMANY'S FUTURE
By PHILIP PANETH
What is to be done with Germany after the war? This question is discussed here by a number of eminent Allied leaders. A pertinent summing up of a vital problem.
Paper 3/6, *Cloth* 5/-
"Helpful: . . . Constructive. The suggestions are worthy of discussion and debate."—*Public Opinion.*

TURKEY—DECADENCE & REBIRTH
By PHILIP PANETH
The history of Turkey told in an easy and entertaining manner. Special attention is paid to the period of Mustapha Kemal, the creator of modern Turkey, and to Abdul Hamid. Illustrated. *Cloth* 6/-
"Dr. Philip Paneth knows his Turkey."—*Books of To-day.*

BRITAIN OF TO-MORROW
By MAGNUS IRVINE
Of supreme importance to all those who look beyond victory at the world to come.
Paper 5/-, *Cloth* 7/6
"Should command the attention of all thoughtful people."—*West Sussex Gazette.*

ALLIANCE PRESS LIMITED
King William St. House, Arthur Street, London, E.C.4
Tel.: MAN. House 1955, 1936, 7927

Harold **NICOLSON**

HELEN'S TOWER

Country Life: "A beautiful book, sensitive and evocative. Reading it is like hearing a half-muffled peal of bells, each clear cadence followed by its subdued echo, for each of the delicately drawn pictures of the past has a double significance." 15s.

THE DESIRE TO PLEASE

News Chronicle: "Harold Nicolson has made a highly attractive study of his great-great-grandfather—a picturesque revolutionary and a vivid figure in the age of the Napoleonic wars." 15s.

Constable

a technique of power without relation to either social or individual values. Internally, as externally, the theory of the power-state remained the essence of Weber's political sociology. It is significant that it was only with great reluctance that Weber accommodated himself to the idea of an academic career after he had made several efforts to lead a more active life. Though he always tried to maintain a practical interest in politics—in 1918 he was elected to the Heidelberg Soviet—he seemed to be confronted by an antithesis between political analysis and action. The fact that he felt what is, of course, a false antithesis is as revealing about the outlook of the German middle class as it is about Weber himself. He was torn by another and more serious contradiction; whilst his background and his training drove him increasingly to become a *Machstaat* politician, his work made him seek for a universal sociology which could provide a basis for political action. Weber strongly believed that the German people needed a charismatic leader who could fill the vacuum left by the death of Bismarck. Without this—and Weber well understood how both universal suffrage and the growth of bureaucracy were technical instruments for the support of plebiscitary leadership—the German power-state could not hope to function effectively. German Liberalism was certainly unable to face that problem after it split in 1878. And for Weber, personally, *Machstaat* politics came to take pride of place over sociology. Weber was a Russophobe; he was a strong but pessimistic nationalist; the Lutheran and military traditions were a powerful influence on him, and his sociology was characterised by a curious inability to appreciate or reflect values or ethics which sprang from soil other than German, least of all those of Western Europe and the East.

Consequently, in 1918, when Weber became one of the chief authors of the Weimar constitution, he and his colleagues were framing a state structure which was based on unreal assumptions. German society was no longer harmonious, and any constitution which attempted to stabilise it on the lines of nineteenth-century Britain was doomed to failure. In spite of his clear insight into the sociology of politics—witness his comments on the German Social-Democratic party and on the characteristics of bureaucracy—for Weber the supreme law remained Germany and the German people.

I am sure that this is an interesting and adequate interpretation of Weber which throws new light on some aspects of his sociological work; but I am not satisfied that the political symbolism is as obvious as Mr. Mayer suggests. He concludes the book with a short discussion of the future of Germany, claiming that Christian, perhaps Catholic collectivism, will be one of the main elements in its post-war state structure. A study of Weber's life and work may provide material for this thesis. I would prefer to think that here, as elsewhere in this very satisfying essay, we should regard Mr. Mayer's analysis as suggestive rather than definitive. His book is a service to those who wish to avoid superficial discussion of the German problem. NORMAN MACKENZIE.

HENRY MOORE

Henry Moore: Sculpture and Drawings, with an introduction by HERBERT READ. *Lund, Humphries and A. Zwemmer.* 3gns.

In the desert of austerity book production to which we have become accustomed, this volume appears as unexpectedly as the bloom on a cactus. Here once more are lustrous white paper loaded with deep rich half-tone, uninvaded margins, and type standing to the full dignity of 12-point. In an introductory essay Herbert Read stresses the important difference between an organic and a constructional approach to form and develops his æsthetic in the light of newly acquired material from physics and psychology. Together with a reprint of all the existing essays by the sculptor himself on his subject, this goes as far as language can hope to in helping the willing spectator over the hurdles of his prejudices which bar the way to the wordless territory of form.

Moore's forms grow out of an appreciation for the natural structure of his material. Without resting on the mathematical validity of a Gabo or a Brancusi, there is the risk that a work may stop short at being an *objet trouvé*: too great a respect for the material results in reluctance to tamper with the processes of nature just as too little will cause the medium to detract from the expression (for instance, the regrettable necessity of cement or glue to join the planes of a Gabo construction). But the strength of this approach is perhaps most clearly seen in a work like the Northampton Madonna where the added limitations of a traditional formula demand an even greater concentration of his own sense of form. This work, with its unique synthesis of hewn strength and chiselled tenderness, is likely to gain a wider appreciation than much of his other work, though it would be wrong to regard it as a climax. It is exhaustively illustrated in the present book. The large selection of drawings help to elucidate the sculpture and also reveal his exploration of a more romantic vein.

Photographs of sculpture present a disturbing problem. The camera is itself a means of plastic expression, and the more sensitively handled the more it tends to reinterpret the subject in terms of its own medium. The difference between a two- and a three-dimensional object is absolute, as Mr. Read is aware. To enter the vicinity of a carved stone one needs to go cautiously and by stages. It is a long climb from curve to summit, and the eye must memorise a complex landscape before it can descend the distant slopes of the unknown. There are many stages in the journey to the comprehension of a solid shape, as many moments of time must be retained to grasp the shape of music. One moment is not enough, and it is precisely this that the photograph is bound to give. Its single viewpoint and dramatic presentation sometimes seem too authoritative and final; and it is easy to be seduced by an immediate sensuous appeal from the effort needed for a more comprehensive grasp. Of several views of the same subject each can be complete in itself, without complementing the others or conveying a total which is more than the sum of its parts.

This book gives all the clues to the evolution of one of the strangest and most powerful personalities of our day. It is the most conscientiously produced volume I have seen devoted to a single British artist, and offers irrefutable proof of a talent that could enrich many departments of the post-war world, if others with the far-sightedness and authority of Canon J. Rowden Hussey will notice it. KEITH VAUGHAN.

In the Margins of Chaos. By FRANCESCA M. WILSON. *John Murray.* 18s.

Miss Wilson has done relief work for the Friends almost continuously since the last war; and in this book she gives us pictures, sharp and sympathetic, of the people and the conditions among which she worked. In 1918 it was the Serbs, first in North Africa, then after the Armistice in Serbia itself. After ruined Serbia ruined Austria—more rickets, more starvation, more despair; then the famine area in Russia with a peasantry duller and drabber than the Serbian who among all their disasters kept that brightness of spirit which is reflected in their clothes, their music, their dances. A gap in the record brings us up to the Spanish War, when Miss Wilson worked with the Republicans up till 1939, the last months in the horrors of the French internment camps. The record ends (for the moment only) with Polish

IF YOU

CABLE ••

THEN —

Choose words carefully to give a clear message. Requests to repeat misunderstood messages waste time and clog communications.

EASE THE BURDEN

CABLE AND WIRELESS LTD

DEMOCRATIC PARTY

POLICY

issued from

4, DEAN'S YARD, WESTMINSTER, S.W.1

1. Simplify Taxation by Taxation at source. No Gold Standard.
2. School age raised. Teachers well paid.
3. Profit-sharing in Industry.
4. Limit excess Incomes and Land holding.
5. Unemployment reduction.
6. National aid Hospitals, convalescence.
7. Vested Interest control.
8. Cabinet Ministers relinquish Constituency.

BROCHURES

Set for 4/10 post free. Write now

HOWARD E. KERSHNER

ONE HUMANITY

A record of controlled food relief at work in 1942 France

FIRST BRITISH PUBLICATION

1s.

ORDER FROM YOUR BOOKSELLER

or by post (1s. 1½d. post free) from the Bookshop, 6, Endsleigh Street, W.C.1.

This is the time to try

PEACE NEWS

edited by John Middleton Murry

2d. weekly, but

new readers can give it 3 months' trial for 2s.—post free at less than the weekly price!

Send a P.O. now to Dept. E.2, Peace News, 3, Blackstock Road, N.4.

PRACTICAL

"HEALTH FOR ALL" Books

A collection of books constructively written by acknowledged authorities and covering health topics of vital importance.

YOUR DIET IN HEALTH AND DISEASE. By Harry Benjamin

Describes the functions and needs of the digestive organs and gives food values, with notes on vitamins. A complete guide to health via diet. 5/- net, postage 3d.

BETTER SIGHT WITHOUT GLASSES. By Harry Benjamin

This is the original work on Visual Re-education, and contains an account of the author's great experiments in sight improvement. Simple exercises are given, with illustrations, that have been most successful in improving defective vision without the aid of spectacles. Complete with Sight-testing Card. 5/- net, postage 4d.

EVERYBODY'S GUIDE TO NATURE CURE. By Harry Benjamin

In three sections. Deals fully and informatively with Nature Cure and its application to disease. The finest guide to health ever written. Over 500 pages. 12/6 net, postage 6d.

THE SMOKING HABIT: Its Dangers and Cure. By P. G. Wodehouse, M.D.

Simple yet very effective, its precepts have produced many grateful thanks of many. 1/3 net, postage 2d.

HOW TO CONQUER YOUR NERVOUS FEARS. By T. G. Oakley

Particularly invaluable in these days of stress. Deals with the workings of the mind, and arising out of that understanding, the methods for combating all nervous disorders. 4/- net, postage 3d.

PRACTICAL TREATMENT FOR "THAT INFERIOR FEELING." By T. G. Oakley

Based on experience gained in the author's personal practice and will be welcomed by all sufferers from the distressing mental affliction. 2/- net, postage 2d.

I SHALL! A Six Weeks' Efficiency Programme. By Clarence Simon

Details a routine which, if carefully followed, will stimulate the mind, improve the physique and restore lost energy and vitality. 2/6 net, postage 3d.

The above are obtainable from all booksellers or direct (please include cost of postage) from:—

HEALTH FOR ALL PUBLISHING CO.
17/18, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.2.
(*Advt. of Natural Healing Ltd.*)

fugees in Hungary in 1940. The "margins of aos" are heavily scored with the annotations of mine and disease, of broken men and homeless ildren; though Miss Wilson writes with a sharp e to personalities and national characteristics, and ough her record is one of (quite unadvertised) urage and love, it is a sad background. What the ief worker always hopes for is to leave behind some- ing more permanent than the patchings and make- ifts which are the main texture of their work. And additional layer of sadness in this account comes om the fact that such seemed possible for a spell in o cases—in Austria and Republican Spain. But the nics, the schools, the crèches, which progressive vernments welcomed and fostered, succeeding gimes (Catholic in both cases) destroyed; only godless Russia was the work for children and the k that Miss Wilson and her fellow workers started rried on and extended. Misery cannot be much eater in quality than among the famine-stricken asants of Russia or the defeated Republicans who eamed across the frontier into France, but in antity, one must suppose, it will be even greater er this war. Fortunately this time there is a large- le International Organisation ready to cope with

It is to be hoped that it will be animated by the me sympathy, real friendliness and lack of con- scension which is found among the Friends. Pro- ective workers in it might well read her book; it ll help them to envisage the sort of problems they ll have to tackle.

Week-end Competition

No. 765

t by **Ambrose Hake**

We offer the usual prizes for six rules of bad haviour.

ESULT OF COMPETITION No. 762

t by **V. S. Pritchett**

The usual prizes are offered for a poem of 24 lines in dialogue between a cad, a bounder and a bore, in which each defines, describes or justifies himself.

port by **V. S. Pritchett**

I was wrong, but I am not sure why. Perhaps ught to have made the terms of this competition re enticing, more explicit. Perhaps I ought to e asked outright for wit, anecdote, epigram. haps the words "self definition" made everyone serious and too anxious to explain. They *did* lain—the type and not themselves. Another laration of the failure of this competition strikes me: it may be that the bore, the cad and the bounder are extinct types or have become so absorbed into society that we no longer notice them or care what they are. The bounder is just the go-getter, the bore is doing excellent war work, the cad is simply speeded-up modern man, God's own super-evacuee, the key man of the reserved occupation. I notice, indeed, a sympathy for all three types in the entries sent in. The cad's a realist. The bounder has a heart. The bore plays the game. See L. E. G.

The Bounder : Mistrustful, self assertive, underbred
I play the lord, and overdress the part.
My heart is not the servant of my head,
And Heaven—only—knows I have a heart.

Or Allan M. Laing :

Cad : Come off it, Bore! Why not be frank?
Your talk's book-fodder mixed with rust :
I'd rather tell a joke that stank
Than be like you and dish out dust.

Or Stanley Sharpless :

The cad said, Better have no rules
Than behave like bloody fools.

R. G., R. J. P. Harrison, R. S. Jaffray, L. E. J. and F. C. C. must be added to the list of possibles. L. E. J. has two and a half guineas for breaking new ground—although rather heavily; F. C. C. has one and a half guineas because of a shattering last line.

FIRST PRIZE

SCENE : THE ELYSIAN FIELDS.

Jacob : But think, dear Beau, the sport you might have had
If to your "Bounder" you had added "Cad";
Angels by night—

Beau Brummell : No angels crossed *my* path;
Snub or be snubbed for me, from White's to Bath,
And for a backer—gosh, were you in clover!—
I had but Prinny, where *you* had Jehovah.

Jacob : Ah! Friend indeed; but life should be a see-saw,
One end Jehovah, t'other ragging Esau;
Wrestle with Him, or deal pre-natal shocks
To Uncle Laban's thirsty ring-straked flocks;
Or, with a little kid-glove window-dressing,
Cheat a blind father of a first-born's blessing.

Brummell : You rich men's sons! I wasn't one, and found,
To keep myself in waistcoats, I *must* bound,
'Twas bound or bend, and since to bend—oh lor!
Here comes old Socrates, that throttling bore—

Socrates : I heard you, Beau—but you forget that Souls,
To my misfortune, don't have button-holes;
And as for "bore," pray tell me, what great cause
Has ever been supported save by bores?
Were Aristides, Aristotle, Plato,
Marcus Aurelius, Calvin, Rousseau, Cato,
Or any of the giants whose praises you sing
For one split second lively or amusing?
I only ask——(but Jacob and Brummell have fled). L. E. J.

SECOND PRIZE

THE THREE DEADLY TYPES

"Here I am, I am a CAD
And anyone who trusts me will be had;
Unless indeed he trusts me to behave
In inverse ratio to the trust he gave.

You ask me down for half the year to stay?
Why then I'll guy you in my latest play.
Your wife receives me as your boyhood's friend?
Why then it's surely clear how things will end!"

"Here I am, I am a BOUNDER
Than my Victorian name, what could be sounder?
Untouched by shattering hints I rise and soar
Ebullient and resounding as before.

There's poor old Smithers! . . . Well, how are you? Fine! . . .
So I told Winston . . . Here, have one of mine . . .
(Yet in my heart for all my charm and knowledge
I wish the Dad could have afforded College.)"

"Here I am; I am a BORE
I think we met at Cambridge once before?
How might I recapitulate again
To make my point about the birth-rate plain?

But yet you do not dread what I impart
So much as my remorselessness of heart,
Nay, if I came to tell you peace was signed
No ray of hope would reach your battered mind."
F. C. C.

School and Educational

ELTANE School, Shaw Hill, Melksham, Wilts. Boys and girls from 5 to 18 years. d academic standards. Undisturbed district.

REEMOUNT, Bacton, Hereford. Full freedom for individ. development and ression in co-educ. Personal care in com- al home of lovely grounds. Katherine and r Young, M.A., Camb.

ORMOSA School, Epping House, nr. Hert- ford, boys, girls 5 to 13. Lge. cntry. hse., nds. Trained men, women teachers. Froe- n educ., Quaker principles. (Mrs.) Lucia mish, B.A. Hons., A.R.C.M. (Essendon 341.)

REEDOM and self-government. Kil- quhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland, the full approval of A. S. Neill. Apply M. Aikenhead, Headmaster.

ALTMAN'S GREEN, Gerrard's Cross. Head Mistress: Miss Chambers, M.A. —to develop character and intellect, respect viduality and encourage initiative. Pre- tion for Universities, professions. 15 acres.

IONTANA" Residential School offers happy home, good educ. in pleasant oundings to children 3–8 years. Marjorie te, 117 The Chine, Grange Park, N.21.

NEWOOD, Crowborough, at The Fir Hill, Colan, St. Columb, Cornwall, for ren 3 to 13, where environ., diet, psychol. teaching methods maintain health and iness. E. Strachan, Newquay 2082.

ERWOOD School, Epsom (9125).—A co-educ. commun. aiming at indep., and friendliness. Sch., Higher Certs.; ding. day (exc. centre for Wimbledon, on, Kingston, Leatherhead.) Emergency n. Safe area. Parkgate, Cheshire.

ENNINGTON Hall, via Lancaster. Grow- ing school community, boys and girls, d prog. educational, social principles, Junr. Secondary. Exp. graduates. Quiet area, lent cooking. Kenneth C. Barnes, B.Sc.

YCHWOOD Girls' School, Oxford, 10 to University age; small classes; excep- al cultural and musical opportunities; self- rning community. Apply Miss Lee, M.A.

Accommodation Offered and Wanted

BEAUTIFUL, large unfurn. rm. (c.h.w. day night, hanging wardrobe, cupboard, gas- fire, etc., in rm.), bath, 'phone (cleaning avail.) in hse. W.C.1 Sq. Suit Univ./other well-educ. single women. Box 5395.

WELL-furnd. bed-sit.-rm., quiet, beautiful Heath surroundings, suitable for profes. worker. 35s. Breakfast if reqd. Box 5449.

AUSTRIAN cple., 2 yng. chldrn., offer furnd. bedrm., use kit., bath, sit.-rm. gardn-suburbs, Manchester. No serv. Box 5439.

55 OAKLEY St., Chelsea. Bed-sitting rms., use kitchen, etc., nearly always available. Phone Flaxman 5645, mornings.

2 FURN./pt.-furn. rms. avail. Richmond to plsnt. cult. person(s). Box 5475.

WELL-furnd. divan bed-sit., suit busines man. Nr. Swiss Cottage. Box 5521.

QUIET bed-sit.-room with heating reqd. in Enfield Town or nr. Enfield Savoy Cinema from end Sept. Box 5512.

HASLEMERE. Bed-sit.-rm. wanted by lady. Partial board or use kit. Box 5511.

YOUNG woman, musician, seeks family in North London with whom to live as P.G. Reply Box 5507.

To Let and Wanted

FURNISHED flat, sunny, quiet; balcony, restaurant, c.h.w.; 1–2 ladies only. Fm £7 10s. month. 383 Holly Lodge Mansions, N.6.

WANTED, small unfurn. s.c. flat or approx. equiv. in quiet, cultured environment. Quick reach Paddington. Box 5509.

NAVAL officer and wife sk. small, self-cont. unfurn. flat, London. Chelsea/nr. river pref. Box 5510.

URGENTLY nd. rent sm. hse./cott./bung. any pt. country for officer's wife and baby. Jacobs, Home Farm, Dallinghoo, Woodbridge.

URG. wanted unfurn. flat, share of hse. Bombed out couple. W. London. Milton, 30 Woodstock Rd., W.4.

MODERNISED cottage wanted, March Buy/rent. Easy access London, pref. main B'ham line. Gas, e.l., 5–6 rms. Box 5492.

JOIN THE FUR CRUSADE

"How can any woman wear a trapped fur, knowing that every hair on that skin has vibrated with prolonged torture?" These were Grey Owl's words to me.

Write for leaflet of Fur Crusade and Humane Trapping Campaign, which names Furs you need not be ashamed to wear. Also tells you how to kill domestic animals and poultry humanely. Funds needed for Adets.

Major C. VAN DER BYL, Wappenham, Towcester

PURELY PERSONAL

ACCOMMODATION AVAILABLE in an empty Cigar-case for six King Six Cigars. Please communicate where- abouts of King Six to discriminating gentleman who knows it is an excellent cigar at 1/- each.

THE SCYTHE

A QUARTERLY FOR FARMERS

Summer number includes:—
ADRIAN BELL
LORD PORTSMOUTH
HENRY WILLIAMSON
RONALD DUNCAN

2s. per copy 8s. per annum
MORWENSTOW, CORNWALL

The "BANK-INSURANCE" Group of Trusts provides a choice of freely marketable investments spread over the shares of selected British banks and insurance companies. Unit holders are free from personal liability on partly-paid shares. Trust funds exceed £15 million. Managers: Trust of Insurance Shares, Ltd., 30 Cornhill, E.C.3.

Units may be bought and sold free of Comm. and Stamp, and leaflet obtained through any Stockbroker or Bank. Offered prices, and approximate yields after deducting management charges:

Bank-Units ... 18/7½ 3⅝%
(40 British Banks) Post-war recovery is emphasised by 34% of Trust fund being invested in shares of Dominion and Colonial banks. Trustees: Martins Bank Ltd.

Insurance-Units ... 18 9 3½%
(30 British Insurance Co's). A recognised "hedge" against inflation: rising prices mean increased premium income. Trustees: Williams Deacon's Bank, Ltd.

Bank-Insurance Units 18/3 3½%
(52 British Banks & Insur. Co's.) This Trust combines the qualities of above Trusts. Trustees: Midland Bk. Ex. & Tr. Co. Ltd.

Cornhill Deferred Units 10/3
(87% Insurance, 8% Banks, 5% Gov Stock). The only "geared" Unit Trust, specially devised for those who realise the soundness of insurance shares as a long-term investment. Appreciation (or depreciation) of these Units, after deduction of a semi-annual charge against capital of ½ of 1%, is about double that of a simple investment in insurance shares. Dividend paid for 1943 at the rate of 1·9973d. nett per Unit. Trustees: Midland Bk. Ex. & Tr. Co. Ltd.